

CINTHELIA;

OR,

A WOMAN OF TEN THOUSAND.

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AUTHOR OF THEODORE EXETER, &c. &c.

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A WOMAN OF TEN THOUSAND.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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BY GEORGE WALKER,

AUTHOR OF THEODORE CYPHON, &c. &c.

VOL. III.

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Qui est-ce qui trouvera une vaillante Femme?

Car son prix surpasse de beaucoup les perles.

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1797.

24



# CINTHELLA.

OR

A WOMAN OF TEN THOUSAND.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY GEORGE WATTS.



On the cover of the volume is a portrait of the author.  
On the back of the volume is a portrait of the author.

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# CINTHELIA.

## CHAP. I.

Ah! Fate, why still pursuing

A wretched thing like me,

Heap ruin thus on ruin,

And add to misery!

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

**A**FTER a restless night, Cinthelia arose early, to reflect on the circumstance which had given her so much cause for the darkest suspicion: she had acquitted Sir Charles, and was inclined to favour Mobile, from a suspicion that it was some thief, who had insinuated himself into the house: in this case, her husband would suspect it no other than a subterfuge to evade his request—a compliance



with which she now repented not having granted.

But, while she thus condemned herself for an act of common prudence, curiosity again led her to examine the closet, in the faint hope, that, in the hurry of alarm, it was possible some of the trinkets might have been dropped; but, in place of these, she was shocked to find a glove, marked on the inside with a crest and the initials C. H.

An universal trembling affected her on this discovery, as she could no longer doubt the visit intended her; nor could a suspicion remain of who had committed the robbery. She was aware, that he would support what he had dared to perform; she therefore considered it the wisest way to make light of the action, since it was not now to be prevented, and to be more guarded in future.

Mobile

Mobile breakfasted at home, with the same appearance of good-humour he had adopted to obtain his designs; and having heard of the fears of the night, pretended to suppose she had been only dreaming.

"Nay, my dear," said she, "it was  
"no dream; for all my jewels are cer-  
"tainly stolen; and in future I shall  
"order Sally to sleep in that room."

"Just as you like, my dear," said he, with indifference: "but I can convince  
"you, that you are frightened at no-  
"thing, for it was I took your trinkets,  
"as your father's coming prevented your  
"giving them, and I forgot to ask you  
"afterwards."

Cinthelia, much as she had learnt, was confounded at effrontery such as this, and was unequal to reply, leaning silently upon the table.



“ I know,” continued Mobile, “ that  
“ you are an œconomist, and I wished  
“ for once to conform to your opinion,  
“ which I begin to think best; and so  
“ in time, my dear, we may become a  
“ very loving couple. Now, for in-  
“ stance, look at that milk-jug—Would  
“ you think it was plated? I could not  
“ tell it from silver; and so I thought I  
“ should please you, by changing all  
“ that old-fashioned lumber my father  
“ left *us*; and so—how you stare!—and  
“ so I changed them for some tasty pat-  
“ terns, which will cut a much better  
“ figure; and the *old, unlucky lads*, will  
“ help to wipe out scores.”

“ Is it possible!”—Cinthelia was be-  
ginning, when a lowering frown silenced  
her for a minute; and in that minute  
she reflected, that to quarrel was adding  
distress to distress; and though her heart  
was overcharged with grief, she content-  
ed herself with replying, that she hoped  
he

he had then acquitted his obligation, and freed himself from Sir Charles.

“ So far from it, my dear, that I am  
“ now infinitely his debtor—Guess what  
“ I owe him ?”

“ It is impossible for me to suppose—  
“ Perhaps 500l. ?”

“ Whew ! No, that’s a mere song—I  
“ owe him at least five thousand ! How,  
“ then, am I to acquit so great an obli-  
“ gation ?”

An ejaculation of horror escaped the trembling Cinthelia ; she was shocked to find her husband so involved to a man, whose views were so dishonourable, and she again remained silent, in reflective horror.

“ Sir Charles is a d—d generous fellow !” said Mobile ; “ he is willing to



“consult my convenience; and I am  
“sorry you do not like him, as he is  
“coming to board with us, while his  
“own house is repairing—I shall expect  
“you to treat him as my friend.”

The colour went and returned in the cheeks of Cinthelia; she saw at once into the scheme of Sir Charles, but she saw not how it could be wholly evaded; her remonstrances were in vain, and she knew the inefficacy of her father's interference. Thus she appeared driven out amidst dangerous rocks and shoals, from which it was next to impossible to escape, with only prudence as her guide, when abandoned by the consort who should have afforded her protection.

It may have been observed that this ill-matched pair mostly slept in separate beds; one reason for which was the disgust Cinthelia could not repress, at his coming home at any hour of the night  
in

in a state of bestiality: but this alone would not have been sufficient reason, as Mobile delighted to torment her.

After she had become a mother, she persisted in having her child in the same room till weaned, that her guardian care might protect it from the carelessness or cruelty of a nurse; and the disturbance of giving it suck in the night often threw Mobile into fits of swearing: but when any thing ailed the child, which was often the case, his rage at being roused from sleep was great, and while Cinthelia was trembling for its life, he not seldom consigned them both to the devil: but as this was a point he could not overcome, he in future generally slept by himself.

The same day several rooms were fitted up for the reception of Sir Charles, who in less than a week lodged himself before the fort he intended to carry.—

To

To Cinthelia he assumed, as the first line of circumvallation, a coldness which was meant to lull suspicion to repose, and at the same time pique her pride by neglect, knowing in general there are two high roads to the heart of a woman—flattery and indifference.

The allowance of Cinthelia for the table now fell short of what was necessary, especially as it had been diminished since her œconomy had laid by a part.—What it was now deficient she for some days supplied from her own little purse, in hopes Mobile would of himself make some addition; but so long as no direct claims were made upon him, he was content to sit down without inquiry, never asking questions how she could supply so well, but grumbling if there was any deficiency; indeed, it was not always that he paid her the stipulated allowance, without many words, complaining that women and house-keeping



keeping were enough to ruin any man, not made of money; it was therefore extremely unpleasant to make any new demand, when every shilling was parted with as so many drops of blood; nor could she avoid the truth of a maxim she had somewhere read, that, in general, men who were so extremely penurious at home, without necessity, were abroad the most extravagant spendthrifts.

After delaying, till she could of herself no longer supply what was necessary, she ventured to explain to him the impossibility of providing from her allowance, and after much murmuring extorted from him a trifling advance.—

She might indeed have followed the practice of some modern ladies, who run up considerable bills with their tradesmen, which came upon their husbands to discharge; but Cinthelia was *A Woman of Ten Thousand!*

In

In the absence of her husband, when Sir Charles was at home, she confined herself wholly to her own rooms; for her discernment penetrated beneath his artificial disguise. Thus he began to fear, that undermining the citadel would be a process of too tedious performance: he was satisfied, that whatever partiality she might formerly have had for her husband, must long since have been eradicated, and thence he had inferred the possibility of her affection turning on himself; but now, when he dwelt under the same roof, and saw her perform all the offices of the most tender wife, he considered, that as her action could only proceed from a sense of duty, duty would teach her to triumph over all his insidious approaches: the only advantage he could therefore expect from feigned neglect, would be to render her less watchful, and in this he succeeded; for having several times accidentally met her in going down stairs, to give directions.

rections to the servants, when Mobile was not within, he merely noticed her by a passing compliment.

Thus Cinthelia began to hope, that he might have become sensible of his folly, and as usual employed herself in the different apartments.

For some time, in order to destroy every suspicion, Sir Charles suffered her to range unnoticed through the house; but one evening, when she had sent her children with their nurse to take a little air, she took a book, to lose in its dictates for a time the sense of her own sufferings.

She had not sat long in a little back room, joining the dining room, when Sir Charles, who had observed her, followed her with a book in his hand. Cinthelia began to fear, as there was no door



door out, except what led through the dining-room, in the passage to which, after a compliment, he sat down.

“I admire,” said he, “your choice  
“of spending the time you do not em-  
“ploy in more than necessary labour:  
“to souls of a delicate nature, there is  
“a silent charm in reading, which su-  
“percedes all the hurry and confusion  
“the world terms pleasure.—But give  
“me leave to say, that, though reading  
“may please in solitude, yet there is a  
“pleasure far more refined—I mean,  
“that sweet union of mind, which is  
“the exaltation of ethereal friendship,  
“for which man was created of various  
“sexes.—What, my dear madam, is  
“more heavenly than a sincere friend-  
“ship, or love, if you will? It is that  
“link of the soul, which, to say truth,  
“is the union heaven appointed; and  
“where it is not, I conceive the mar-  
“riage

“riage jargon as nonsense.—Mr. Mo-  
“bile is a brute; he does not know  
“what it is to feel!”

“Let me entreat you, fir,” said Cin-  
thelia, colouring, “not to mention  
“what you are conscious I cannot listen  
“to without impropriety.—Will you  
“oblige me, fir, with reading, if it be  
“agreeable to you?”

“I should instantly obey you, di-  
“vinest of creatures! were not my  
“whole faculties employed studying a  
“book, where nature has made the most  
“beautiful impression! — You are a  
“woman of fine sense; reflect, then,  
“if obligation be not reciprocal.—Is  
“not every bond considered as binding,  
“so long as neither party infringes the  
“stipulated articles; and is not the  
“whole cancelled, when either side is  
“defective?—Marriage is only an agree-  
“ment, and, like every other, becomes  
“void,

“ void, when infringed. You, madam,  
“ certainly honour and obey; but it is  
“ impossible you should love. — Mr.  
“ Mobile neither loves nor cherishes,  
“ therefore it is plain every article is  
“ null.”

“ No, sir; though I do not pretend  
“ to argument, I know what is my duty,  
“ and I consider that man, who, by  
“ specious arguments, would incline  
“ me from that duty, not as a friend,  
“ but as an enemy!”

“ You do me wrong, indeed, fairest  
“ and most injured of women! — Even  
“ piety, which I revere, absolves you  
“ from him. — Certainly you will allow,  
“ that incontinency destroys the com-  
“ pact. But what a wretch must be the  
“ man, who, slighting perfection like  
“ yours, flies to the arm of prostitution,  
“ and madly plunges into ruin!”

“ Is



“Is there no topic, sir,” said she,  
“you can discourse on, more grateful  
“to me than this? Do you think the  
“follies of my husband amusing to me,  
“or, that because he is vicious, I should  
“cease to act right?”—

“You cannot act wrong, but by in-  
“juring yourself.—I, indeed, ask your  
“pardon, for at all mentioning a  
“wretch, whose name does not deserve  
“utterance in the same breath as yours.  
“But what am I to do? May I not even  
“be allowed complaint, the least con-  
“solation of suffering? I swear, by  
“heaven! that, were you free, my life  
“and fortune should be laid for your  
“acceptance!”

“Cease, sir, let me beg and entreat!  
“make no proposal you know to be ut-  
“terly impossible— You know I am  
“not free, and therefore you say what  
“you please.”

“Why

“ Why will you so cruelly insinuate  
 “ that I am insincere! Look, madam,  
 “ at those irresistibly lovely features in  
 “ your glass, and then you will be con-  
 “ vinced that my passion can be no tran-  
 “ sient liking!—Yes, adorable Cinthe-  
 “ lia!” cried he, taking forcibly her  
 hand, which she drew away, “ I plead  
 “ not on the score of that wretch’s obli-  
 “ gations to me, I plead for your pity  
 “ on more honourable motives! I knew  
 “ you not—I was ignorant that so much  
 “ perfection existed, till I knew you,  
 “ and knew you a wife! I struggled with  
 “ my unfortunate passion, till to strug-  
 “ gle was no longer in my power—the  
 “ sweet delicious poison circulated in  
 “ every vein, and beat in every nerve!  
 “ Forgive me, then, the affronts I have  
 “ heretofore inadvertently given you?”

“ I forgive them,” said Cinthelia,  
 with her eyes turned away, and her face  
 in confusion; “ but it is on this condi-  
 “ tion—

“tion—that you never repeat them, and  
“that you instantly quit me!”

“Charming condescension!” cried he:  
“but can I believe you sincere, unless  
“you seal my pardon! then I promise  
“not to offend again in the same way—  
“I instantly tear myself from you,  
“though I thereby suffer torment, if  
“you grant me of yourself the favour  
“of your hand!”

Cinthelia was extremely embarrassed; she knew herself in his power; she knew the baseness of her husband, from whom she could receive no protection; and perhaps, softened by a confession so apparently sincere, (for Cinthelia was a woman) she reluctantly held out her hand, which he pressed to his lips with eagerness, uttering expressions of rapture.

“You shall see,” said he, “my word  
“is to be depended on—I go, charming  
“ing



"ing, injured Cinthelia! my soul detests  
"the man who is now, yes, at this mo-  
"ment, is in company with a prosti-  
"tute!"

He instantly quitted the room, leaving Cinthelia in a confusion, for which she knew not how to account. The ardour of his expressions might spring from a fatal passion, which she was sorry to see him indulge; the concession she had made was drawn from her by various motives; though that her heart was touched with any sensation superior to pity, was not the case. In future she resolved to be more cautious how she trusted herself alone; for, whatever Sir Charles might now pretend, he was not a character to gain credit for sudden reformation.

On his part, he flattered himself, that now he had discovered the true clue to the heart of Cinthelia, whom he certainly loved, as much as a man can, who  
would

would debase the object of his passion.—  
The difficulty of the conquest was an instigation to conquer, for men of his impudence always find too many ready to yield at a request : he hastened from Cinthelia to his own room, clapping his hands for joy, and repeating the lines of Richardson :

It is *Resistance* that inflames desire,  
Sharpens the darts of Love, and blows his fire :  
Love is disarm'd, that meets with too much ease,  
He languishes, and does not care to please !

He exulted, that though much might be imputed to her fears, and the knowledge that she was in his power, though much might also be imputed to resentment against her husband, yet still she had felt the force of his address, and yielded so far as voluntarily to give him her hand. A first concession is usually the prelude to all that can follow, and pursuing the path into which he had so successfully stepped, he doubted not, in the end, triumphing

umphing over all her fancied resolution—  
“It is,” cried he, “only for want of know-  
“ing the weak side of the fair, that we  
“are sometimes foiled; and these prudish  
“beauties, who vaunt so much of their  
“virtue, are only impregnable, because  
“not attacked in the points they are least  
“able to defend.”

Flattery, the chief implement in the  
art of love, he found was of small effica-  
cy, and he had wholly to hope, from  
counterfeiting those virtues on which she  
placed a value. He had heard of her  
first love; she would therefore pity one  
in a similar situation, especially if partak-  
ing her own sentiments.

No man was more qualified by nature  
and education, than Sir Charles, for un-  
dertakings of this description; he possessed  
a fund of good sense, which was embel-  
lished by universal acquaintance with  
books, and with the world; his address  
was



was insinuating, and his patience inexhaustable; for he had early laid it down as a maxim, in every transaction of life, whether in love, war, or civil pursuit, never to undertake, without persevering to attainment, unless some obstacle, morally impossible to be overcome, intervened.

In pursuance of this maxim, he had gained admittance under the very house of the woman he intended to seduce; he had in vain sought to engage her in a party of pleasure, and was surpris'd, that so young she should bury herself in domestic employ, or seclude herself from the haunts of the gay and the rich, with no other companions than her children: a woman of this disposition, he knew, must have an ear for the harmony of sound, since her actions were in harmony with virtue; for music, partaking of something more sublime than sensuality, is peculiarly touching to an exalted mind.

He

He played well upon the German flute; and having been present at the instructions of his sister, was far from a mean performer on the piano-forte; but the latter instrument he considered as more adapted to light, airy pieces, than the pathetic and the grand; he therefore procured a soft-toned organ, on which he began to practise, selecting some Italian compositions, which Love himself seemed to have written.

Cinthelia was astonished at the sounds of the music, of which she had no preceding notice; her little boy, who was passionately fond of it, wept with pleasure, and being often caressed by Sir Charles, had forgot their former quarrel. Having obtained leave of his mother to go and hear the music, Sir Charles was satisfied he had an attentive listener: he hoped, by this means, to inspire her with familiarity, and charm her from retirement; yet, though she was delighted with  
the

the performance, she had too much discretion to express it, or ever stir farther from her chamber than to the head of the stairs to listen.—He rejoiced at this attendance, hoping in time to touch her more nearly.

Mr. Mobile, by his absence, appeared to have seceded the prerogatives of his house, and Cinthelia enjoyed a partial serenity, to which she had long been a stranger.



## CHAP. II.

— Ah ! then, ye fair,  
Be greatly cautious of their wily looks !

THOMPSON.

SIR Charles, who affected the utmost respect in his behaviour, never met her without feigning a confusion, such as the most ardent love might be supposed to express, when controuled by restraint.— He frequently sigh'd, when he knew that sigh would be wafted to her ear ; and at meals, when they often met, he would cease eating to gaze upon her, always starting and turning away his face, when she chanced to look up, as though he was unwilling she should observe his weakness.

She

She must have been less than woman not to have pitied a love so apparently sincere, and, without taking from her character, it is certain she beheld him with more friendship; she looked upon him as a man consumed with an hopeless passion, who delighted to behold what it was impossible he should possess, and this struggle she imagined in his bosom, taught her to suppose, that beneath all his faults and follies, he was endowed with inherent virtue.

Sir Charles rejoiced in the fancied success of his scheme; he saw in her countenance that he was no longer an object of terror, and he feasted his imagination with triumphing over a prudence that thousands would have shuddered to attempt.

His countenance was transformed into the picture of melancholy; and so far did he carry his hypocrisy, that he frequently

quently denied himself the pleasure of her company at meals, shutting himself up for a day together in his apartments; nor did he ever attend the parties of excels amongst whom he had formerly shone.

So masterly did he act the hopeless and desponding lover, that suspicion slumbered in the bosom of Cinthelia, and, in spite of every effort, his dejected figure frequently presented itself to her mind.

She was alarmed at the confusion of her own thoughts, and finding that the softness of the music, with which she was every evening regaled, turned her mind too much upon the musician.

With a commendable resolution she denied herself the pleasure, shutting herself up in the most distant apartment, where she either employed herself in needle-



needle-work, reading, or playing with the children.

This change did not escape the wily enemy, who, like the serpent, charmed to destroy. He was pleased with her constant attention, but this change pleased him more. Now, thought he, she begins to feel, and is surprised at the wound; like a fish, allured by the glittering bait, by degrees she ventured, till the barb was fixed, when surprised at the smart, she retires to the extent of the line, and to continue the metaphor, I have now only to play it, and gently draw her towards me.

It must be acknowledged the situation of Cinthelia was peculiarly dangerous; she stood on the single and solitary point of duty, from whence a thousand causes combined to precipitate her; she was neglected and ill-treated by her husband; she was assailed by a passion at once ar-

dent and delicate, by a man to whom that husband manifestly resigned his claim: she was without friends or amusement, and possessed in her breast all those tender feelings which characterize a female. — How then was she to escape the deep laid snare of the most plausible and insinuating of men, who had every advantage opportunity could bestow; simply, she had only to keep before her the small shining light of duty to repel every assailant.

Her education had been strictly virtuous; no wandering inclination durst intrude, or if intruding, was banished at remembering her own dignity of character, and the claims of her children. — Thus though Cinthelia, as being a woman, could not be invulnerable to what every woman must feel, yet she was far from the conclusions of Sir Charles.

Indeed, had he remembered, that she had

had foregone the first love of her soul, merely to oblige her parents, who had been far from enforcing command, he must have feared that his plan might not be so near accomplishment as his sanguine expectations and his former experience seemed to warrant.

Some master stroke now appeared to him, all that was necessary to oblige the fort to surrender, and this he instantly sketched out.—He affected to find himself unwell, lost his appetite, and even took physic, which threw a languor over his features, that might have imposed on the most experienced observer.—He confined himself wholly to his chamber, the music ceased, and Cinthelia was seriously alarmed.

The second day of this new movement, Mr. Mobile's servant came hastily home from his master, and was going abruptly



into the room of Sir Charles, when his servant prevented him, desiring to know his business, that his master might not be frivolously disturbed. This parley being overheard by Cinthelia, who was sitting in the parlour, she called the servant, inquiring into the reason of the dispute.

"Nothing, madam!" said the man, in great confusion; "it is only a message from master to Sir Charles."

"Has any thing happened?" demanded she, alarmed at his manner.—

"No, my lady—nothing; that is, at least, nothing particular."

"Then *something* has happened!" cried she—"Where is he? What accident?"

"Do not be frightened, madam; indeed

"deed master is well; but I feared you  
 "would be alarmed, and so I wanted  
 "first to tell Sir Charles."

"You torture me!" cried she —  
 "What can Sir Charles do?"

"Only be bail, madam."

"O my children!" cried Cinthelia,  
 bursting into tears; "then he is arrested;  
 "and now we are undone!"

"It is a mere trifle, ma'am," said the  
 man, endeavouring to give her comfort;  
 for, though so strict an economist,  
 her sweet disposition had gained their  
 affections; "it is only fifty pounds;  
 "but I fear, if he is not soon released,  
 "there may be writs out against him to  
 "a much larger amount."

Cinthelia was too much affected to  
 speak; she motioned him with her hand

to Sir Charles, and sitting down in an agony of sorrow, at the approach of that ruin which she had so long seen advancing, she caught her children in her arms, and wept over them, till her distress became more calm.

She now heard Sir Charles's voice on the stairs in a sort of whisper, yet sufficiently loud to reach her—"You say  
" he is in Warwick-street, do you?  
" Mind, firrah, you keep this from the  
" knowledge of his wife! Poor creature,  
" I pity her from my soul, and, were it  
" not for her and her children, he should  
" smart, for I am now convinced no-  
" thing else will reform him!"

With these words he left the house, muffled up in a great coat, and stepping into a carriage, was driven to the bailiffs, from whose gripe he rescued the unthinking Mobile, who had been arrested by an hatter, to whom Sir Charles had conveyed



conveyed information, that otherwise he would lose the money, as Mobile was going to run away.

This scheme he knew, well played off, could not fail inspiring Cinthelia with the warmest gratitude, which he hoped would wholly incline the balance in his favour; and indeed she could not look upon it with indifference.

The pretended illness of Sir Charles was so much increased by leaving his room, that he confined himself to bed, and sent for a physician. He learnt, by inquiry, that Cinthelia was affected at his illness, and often compassionated him before the servants, with some expression of gratitude at the recent transaction, which she feared had exposed him to danger. Her little boy, who was frequently in his chamber, at his desire, told his mother that Sir Charles often wished

wished for some person to read to him, saying he would have asked his mother, only he feared she would think it too great a favour.

Surely, thought she, there can be no impropriety in so trifling a condescension to a sick man, who seems evidently dying of love, and who has hastened his decline by an act of so great generosity to my family. His continued hypocrisy had obliterated every shade of suspicion; and what woman, without pity, can see a man dying the victim of passion!

Sir Charles was in transports at this concession, which he conceived equal to having carried the counterscarp of the fort; but he would hear only books that discoursed on love, and poems that detailed its felicity. That she might sit near his bed, he feigned that his hearing

was

conveyed

was affected, and encroaching by degrees, was permitted to retain her hand, and press it to his lips.

One day, when Cinthelia had been reading Thompson's Seasons, he broke forth into exclamations at his unfortunate fate — "Ah! dear, lovely Cinthelia," said he, in the softest voice, "I die! but I die content, as I fall a victim to your charms!—Your beauty, heavenly as it is, would not perhaps have had power to retain me, when steeled by your coldness; but your innumerable accomplishments have rivetted your image in my heart, whence only death, which I feel approaching, can erase it!"

"You want only a little resolution," replied she, in a trembling voice; "endeavour to overcome so improper a partiality, and you will yet live!"

"No,"



"No," cried he, "never!—I have struggled, 'tis in vain—but one question I would ask—do you really pity me?"

"I do," said she, "I do—I grieve at your illness!"

"Best of women! divine Cinthelia! to possess your pity is more soothing to my soul than the love of all your sex beside! I am presumptuous; but I cannot—no—though on the brink of the grave, I cannot think of departing without one favour, which I tremble to ask!"

Cinthelia blushed deeper than scarlet, and waited in trembling silence, lest he should require what she must have denied.

"Can you pardon my presumption?" said he; "you are all goodness—and  
after

after this I shall die in peace!—All I would ask is a kiss?”

“It is improper,” murmured she, in confusion—“I know not—but—well—“if it will be much satisfaction—it is “no great matter.”

With these words she leaned forward over the bed, and Sir Charles, clasping his arms round her, imprinted on her lips a burning kiss—“O!” cried he, “that I could retain you for ever! O, “lovely Cinthelia, had you been mine—!”

Cinthelia released herself—She was in too much confusion to answer; and concealing her blushes with her hands, she instantly withdrew from a situation so dangerous: she hastened to her room, where, to ease the tumults of her mind, she sat down, fluttering like a frightened bird, who has narrowly escaped the hovering destruction.—She felt the extreme hazard

hazard of the danger she had avoided; and she now found that the most virtuous woman may, by a concatenation of circumstances, be led to the extreme verge of ruin.

Alas! how many would have sunk beneath the temptation! Sir Charles almost repented not having proceeded to greater freedoms; but he loved to win and dispute every inch of ground; for he was one of those who find the greatest pleasure in the chase: he fancied a very little time was now necessary to subdue her remaining virtue, and he concerted his schemes accordingly; for, to say truth, he began to be a little impatient of confinement, and certainly would not have borne it, had it not flattered his vanity with the talent of lulling to sleep a virtue so cautious, a mind so prudent as Cinthelia's, and triumphing over her by plans she had no possibility of traversing.

Sir



Sir Charles now pretended to feel himself something better, and, contrary to the advice of his physician, persisted in rising from his bed. In the afternoon Mobile went out, according to custom, and Cinthelia was desired to bring her children, and read to him.—She remembered the transaction of the preceding day, and would have declined, but, by doing so, she feared he would suppose there was more in her condescension than was in reality the case, though she was far from satisfied with the liberty she had granted.

She determined, however, in future to guard against those starts of passion, and, in compliance with his request, took her children into his room. He entertained them with music, and, by way of a little treat, shared a cake (he had provided) among them; after which he insisted on their partaking a glass of wine, that they might drink to his recovery.

The

The little girl, who could not yet speak, he caressed upon his knee; and at his request Cinthelia sung a song, which he praised as superior to any. Thus, without glancing on the subject of love, he contrived to pass the afternoon—and at his desire they drank tea in the front room.

The weather being fine, the nursery maid came at seven to take the children out, and Cinthelia was prevailed upon to remain: her spirits were unusually high at the prospect of his recovery, though he still appeared languid, and affected to think this only a respite.

They were, however, no sooner alone, than, fixing his eyes upon her, he reminded her of the superlative pleasure she had given him the preceding day—

“ See,” said he, taking her reluctant hand, “ the change it has already produced; it has given me new life, and

“ added

“ added something to the term of my  
“ existence!—But existence is now of  
“ no value but to tell me of what I am  
“ deprived!—Adorable Cinthelia! I  
“ find that every effort is vain—that I  
“ love you to distraction—and will, un-  
“ less you pity me, prescribe a period  
“ to my griefs!”

“ How can you talk so, Sir Charles?”  
said she, trembling—“ Pray, sir, let me  
“ go?”

“ My dearest life,” said he, “ be not  
“ alarmed! Think what I suffer! By  
“ all that’s good! by heaven! and by  
“ all that I hope! I cannot, will not,  
“ live without you!—I love to distrac-  
“ tion and madness!”

At these words he clasped her in his  
arms, and for a moment stifled her reply  
with kisses: at length she burst from  
him, and was flying to the door, but,  
throwing



throwing himself in her way, he uttered all the protestations that love and desire could dictate, even shedding tears to extort her pardon, which she once more reluctantly pronounced.

“But,” cried he, starting up, “my  
“ dear love, of what avail is your par-  
“ don! Unless you consent to my re-  
“ quest, I am determined to die! Can  
“ you behold me expire at your feet!  
“ Rather pronounce my sentence of life,  
“ and let us live with and for each  
“ other!—I have proofs of your hus-  
“ band’s illicit connections with more  
“ women than one—You shall, through  
“ my means, be divorced from him;  
“ and my hand and fortune shall be for  
“ ever yours!”

He again clasped her in his arms, and pressing her face to his bosom, prevented her cries of assistance being heard, while he carried her by force into his bed-  
room

room and bolted the door. Having freed herself from his arms, she threw herself upon her knees, and besought him to have mercy and release her: but he was now no longer in the humour to prolong his intended violence; he therefore represented to her the impossibility of her escape, all the servants being out various ways, and that his love was so unbounded, that to reason was no longer in his power.

"And is this," cried she, indignantly, and rising, "is this the respect you pretended to pay to virtue! Is this the effects of a delicate love!—Eye, Sir  
 "Charles, think better, and release me!  
 "Where is the pride of subduing, by  
 "violence, a woman whom chance, not  
 "inclination, throws in your power!"

"Come," cried he, taking her hand, which he held with a painful grasp,  
 "let us not waste time in idle words—

"we

“ we will hereafter settle every thing—  
“ Be mine, and let us be happy!” By a sudden movement he held both her arms imprisoned, and hurried her rudely to the bed, notwithstanding her struggles and cries: he threw her down, and was proceeding to greater freedoms, regardless of her menaces, supplications, and tears—but there must be an immense difference in the strength of a man and woman, where the former can succeed contrary to every exertion of the latter.—’Tis true, many indecencies may be suffered, but yet it requires only resolution to escape.—Of this Cinthelia is an example.—Every sentiment that she had imbibed in favour of Sir Charles was in a moment converted into detestation and hatred.—It was impossible with one hand he could confine both her’s, and having gained their freedom, she instantly seized him by the throat, with a convulsive grasp, that would for ever have concluded his schemes and his gallantry,



lantry, had he not wrested himself from her with all the force he could exert. Released for a moment, she started from the bed, and snatching up a table knife that lay on the plate with the remains of the cake, she proceeded resolutely to the door. "I will—" he cried, and gnawed his hand.

Awed and abashed by the elevation that glowed upon her countenance, and darted lightning from her eye, which was heightened by the struggle she had sustained, he stood like a confused criminal, attempting only to stay her by entreaties, and imputing all to the violence of his love, and the power of her own charms.

"No," cried she, "now I know thee, from my soul I despise and detest thee, man!—Open the door! (for he had taken away the key) let me go from thy baneful presence! and from henceforth

"forth learn, that no woman can be  
 "overcome, unless her treacherous will  
 "is in league with the wretch that as-  
 "faults her!"

"I will not live in your disdain!"  
 cried he, seizing his sword—"I will die  
 "this moment at your feet, unless you  
 "at least condescend to pardon me!"

Far from being intimidated at the me-  
 nace, she cast upon him a glance of in-  
 effable contempt—"Poor, mean man,"  
 cried she, "that trick is too paltry!"  
 "Happy would it be if you would in-  
 "deed rid the world of a monster!"

"Madam," said he, coming towards  
 her, half choaked with passion—"Hands  
 "off!" cried she, pointing the knife  
 towards him—"now I know thee, and I  
 "fear thee not!—Open the door!"

"Will

“Will you hear me? charming,  
“heavenly Cinthelia! — Promise that  
“you will hear me vindicate myself  
“to-morrow, and I will open the  
“door. — My head, I believe, is not  
“right.”

“It is not indeed,” said she, with a  
glance of disdain; “your head and your  
“heart are both corrupt; I insist that  
“you release me!”

Awed by her manner, and convinced  
of her resolution, he durst not attempt  
again to touch her, and seeing that she  
was too much in earnest to trifle, he  
therefore, with a look of downcast con-  
fusion, opened the door, gazing upon her  
with a mingled sensation of admiration  
and despair, as she walked away without  
deigning him a look.

He threw himself upon the bed,  
cursing



curfing his fate and his folly, which had tantalized him for fo many months with an hope, which a moment had blafted; till now he had never met from the fex what might be called refiftance, and he was aftonifhed that a woman like Cinthelia, of fo delicate a conftitution, fo tender a difpofition, and in fo trying a fituation, fhould be capable of fo great refolution.

The afflicted and persecuted Cinthelia, though fhe had carried it with fo high an hand, felt in her bofom the completeft misery: fhe had flattered herfelf that Sir Charles's reformation was fincere; fhe was aware of his power to crush them with ruin; fhe had been miferably deceived, and could not avoid reproaching herfelf with the freedoms fhe had allowed. The exertion was too much for her fpirits, and fcarcely could fhe gain her own chamber, when fhe fank upon the floor

in

in a swoon, and by a near chance escaped stabbing herself with the knife, which dashed from her hand to the other side of the chamber.

## CHAP. III.

IN this situation she remained till the return of the children with the servants, who uttered a cry of surprise and grief at sight of their fallen mother. The maid instantly flew to assistance, leaving the children, who bestowed upon her their caresses, and whether nature had spoken hostile, or their voices in sympathy with her soul, recalled her, is uncertain; but before the maid could return with assistance, all the servants being out, she had to be recovered as to life from her fallen position, collapsing her children to her, holding without uttering a word.

## CHAP. III.

IN this situation she remained till the return of the children with the servant, who uttered a cry of surprize and grief at sight of their fallen mother. The maid instantly flew for assistance, leaving the children, who bestowed upon her their careffes; and whether nature had spent herself, or their voices in sympathy with her soul, recalled her, is uncertain; but before the maid could return with assistance, all the servants being out, she had so far recovered as to rise from her fallen posture, clasping her children to her bosom, without uttering a word.

The maid entering with some drops and water, greatly relieved the oppression



sion she felt in her breast, and tears coming to her assistance, she wept nearly half an hour without interruption. To the questions of the maid she returned few replies, desiring her, if Mr. Mobile returned early, to say she had something to mention to him.

It was with her a maxim never to confide in a servant; for, however affectionate, still they are apt to presume, or reveal the greatest secret to their own confidants, as a proof of their trust. Not one in fifty, from their inferior acquirements, are qualified to give advice, where discretion is requisite, though there are none more calculated to carry on an intrigue.

Mr. Mobile did not return till long after Cinthelia had been in bed, locked in the embraces of her children, whom she indulged this night in sleeping with her, little Harry offering her his protection

D 2

against

against the naughty man, who had frightened his mother.

In the morning Harry was up early, and taking his horse in the dining-room, began to caper away, when he was interrupted by the voice of his father, commanding him to make less noise. He instantly obeyed; and as he was afraid of being beat, a favour he often received from Mobile on trifling occasions, he ran away to the room of Sir Charles, who was already dressed.

“Is your Ma up, my brave little fellow?” said Sir Charles.

“No, sir; my Ma is very ill—a naughty man frightened her.”

“How, my dear? What did he do?”

“O—why—Ma wouldn’t tell me.—  
“But if I had been at home—.”

“And

“ And what then, my dear? You  
“ would have fought him, I dare say?”

“ Aye, that I would—I would have  
“ banded him soundly.”

“ And so your Ma did not tell you?  
“ But your Pa knows, don’t he?”

“ O—my Pa—No; but Ma said she  
“ would tell him: aye, and we won’t  
“ stay here.”

“ You’ll go in the country, I suppose:  
“ shall I go with you?—Come here’s a  
“ bit of cake.”

Little Harry, delighted, received the  
cake, and carrying it to his mother, begged  
her to give his sister a piece.

Cinthelia took the cake, dividing it,  
and, inquiring where he had been, bade  
him



him no more go near Sir Charles, nor receive any thing from him."

"Why, Ma?" inquired the boy, with a look of concern.

"Because, my dear, he's a bad man, and wants to do you harm."

"I won't eat his cake, then," said Harry, turning it round in his hand; and the cat coming in, it fell to her share.

Sir Charles, finding by the tattle of the boy that Cinthelia had some scheme in agitation that might wholly frustrate his designs, sent for Mobile into the room, that he might counteract her intention, by putting him on his guard; so that when Cinthelia desired, by a note, to speak with him a few moments, he answered, that he was engaged, and could not stay to hear her whims.

As

As she now confined herself more closely than ever, Sir Charles had no opportunity of practising upon the gentleness of her disposition, or, indeed, meeting her at all, which laid him under the necessity of retaining Mobile at home, that he might insist upon her taking her seat at the table.

It was the second day after his rude attempt that they met at dinner; nor could all the courage of Cinthelia prevent emotions of anger from being visible—her colour changed repeatedly. Sir Charles affected concern, speaking little, but endeavouring to help her to the choicest pieces. But, that she might effectually check his officiousness, without the observance of Mobile, she eat little, and that little was her own carving; for she laid on one side of her plate, as unfit to eat, whatever Sir Charles helped her to; which trifling circumstance, perhaps, touched his pride more keenly than an

open resentment.—He sat gazing at her, and frequently biting his lip, while his rage was overcome by his admiration and his resolution yet to conquer.

Little Harry, who observed the actions of his mother, sat silent, without eating—“Why don’t you eat?” said Cinthelia—But, looking up in her face, he only replied, “No, Ma, I ayn’t hungry.”

Cinthelia, who now perceived the reason, could scarcely conceal her tears at this token of affection, at the same time put him a bit of her own upon his plate, which Sir Charles, who was extremely angry, observing, inquired why he did not eat what *he* had cut him?

“I don’t like it,” said the boy, full-ly.

“How, firrah!” cried his father—“What’s—



“What’s the matter with it? Eat it this instant, or I’ll cut your ears off!”

“Eat it, my love,” said Cinthelia—  
“Do as your father tells you.”

“No, Ma, I can’t eat; indeed I’ve  
“enough.—I won’t eat any thing Sir  
“Charles gives me.”

“D—d droll this!” cried Mobile,  
“so it’s you, madam, have been tutor-  
“ing him! But, hang me, if he shan’t  
“eat it, if it choaks him!” So saying,  
he started up in a fury, and catching  
him by the hair, held his head to the  
plate, bidding him eat. The boy, who  
possessed a great deal of spirit, refused,  
but in silence, and Cinthelia begged he  
might be sent from the table.

“No, curse me!” cried Mobile, “I’ll  
“flee him alive, if he don’t eat it, a  
“little

“ little rebellious dog ! But it’s you,  
“ madam, that teach him disobedience.”

Sir Charles now interfered, and desired the boy might be permitted to go, as he refused eating, and Cinthelia trembled so much, that he began to apprehend she would faint ; but Mobile, who was now raised into passion, and always spited this boy, because of his attachment to his mother, beat him severely, and dragging him to the door, gave him a kick that knocked him down.

“ Monster ! inhuman man !” cried Cinthelia, with something like frenzy in her eye, as she rushed from the table, “ will you murder your children !”—She had not power to say more, when darting from him as he attempted to hold her, she ran to the boy, who had risen of himself.—“ I ayn’t hurt, indeed, “ Ma,” said he ; “ don’t be frightened ;  
“ I don’t

“ I don’t mind it a pin ; but I won’t  
“ eat what that bad man gives me.”

Cinthelia now wept for joy to find her son alive, and refusing to turn to the table, she shut herself in her own room. Mobile, at the instance of Sir Charles, took no farther notice, except sending up by a servant part of the desert, which remained untouched, her heart being too full to require other sustenance.— She revolved in her mind variety of schemes, but could fix on none without some great inconvenience ; for, though she now wished nothing so much as withdrawing from the house of her imperious tyrant, yet she could not, without declaring to the world her motives, and submitting her character to the scandal of a thousand tongues. But even this, highly as she valued her character, would not have prevented her flying from a greater danger, had she not been aware that the law would oblige her to leave her



her children behind, than which she had rather perish.

In this consideration she again sought to speak alone to Mr. Mobile; but near a week elapsed before she could find opportunity, as he constantly excused himself; nor would she then, but that Sir Charles became out of patience at the restraint he lay under, and began to think, that were she out of the house, he might put in practice some new design.

Mobile entered her chamber with a few expressions of kindness, and sending away the children, inquired for what she had desired to see him?

“It is, sir,” she replied, “because I  
“can no longer with safety live under  
“the same roof with Sir Charles, who  
“has made attempts of a nature I blush  
“to think on!—You cannot, surely, be  
“so

“ so void of affection as to conduce to  
“ your own dishonour, and I beg and  
“ entreat you will adopt some measure  
“ for our separation—I know you are  
“ involved with this man; sell out, my  
“ dear, and be free from the power of  
“ so mean a man! I am not afraid of  
“ poverty! I am ready to descend with  
“ you to any station!”

“ This is mighty fine,” said he, stretch-  
ing out his legs, “ but it is all nonsense:  
“ I have got nothing to sell unless it’s  
“ you.—Come, Cinthelia, it’s no lon-  
“ ger time to keep you in doubt; if it  
“ is possible you should doubt.—Sir  
“ Charles, you know, is distractedly in  
“ love with you, and any woman of  
“ sense——.”

“ Hold! sir,” cried she, extremely  
affected, “ is it come to this! Am I  
“ turned over by my husband to the  
“ arms of another man! — Sir, you  
“ should

“Should know me better!—Never, never will I submit to so infamous a project!”

“Have you finished, my dear,” said he, with the utmost coolness? “I was going to say, if your fine flourish had not prevented me—I was going to say—that, as you brought me no fortune, and lived upon mine, it is but fair, I in turn should live by the fortune of your person, when my estate is gone! Without flattery, you are a charming creature! and so you ought, or else Sir Charles would be d—nably out in paying 5000l. for the bargain, which is the least of what I owe him; and beside, the thing is nothing, even suppose the world did smoke it, which they have no need to do.—There’s his Grace and Lord X, and fifty others, that lend their wives to their betters, which is only fulfilling one of the marriage articles, which



“ which tells you to take us for *better*  
“ and for worse; and d—n it! the whole  
“ is, if you do not do your duty, it’s  
“ all up; for, to tell you the truth,  
“ what with cursed runs at pharo, ha-  
“ zard, and racing, the knowing boys  
“ have licked me clean as an oyster:  
“ and this very house—aye you may  
“ stare!—this very house was bowled  
“ away at billiards! and so, my dear  
“ Cinthelia, it wholly depends on you  
“ to save me; and, to tell you another  
“ truth, I expect it of you; for surely  
“ you, who out of duty could marry a  
“ man you detested, will, out of duty,  
“ take a substitute of your husband’s  
“ appointing!”

The silence of Cinthelia, during this harangue, proceeded from horror, and she sat the speechless figure of amazement: she had however sufficient reason remaining to know, that if their ruin was so complete, Sir Charles had not power  
to

to save them: but had it been in her power, by such means to have conjured back the whole of their wealth, she would have preferred all the miseries of poverty.

This she ventured to observe, gently advising, that he should himself begin a reform.

“How foolish you talk,” said she: “if it is known that I retrench a sixpence, my creditors will come upon me in shoals.”

“It is not, then, necessary for me to remain; for, from the bottom of my soul, I declare I will not, cannot submit, to such a debasement as you propose!”

“Then you will not, madam!” (exalting his voice, and lowering his brow). “Did not you give yourself to me at the altar? You are my property, and I will do with you what I please!—I can

“sell-

“ tell you at Smithfield, with a halter  
“ round your neck; and, d—n me! if  
“ you are not complaisant to Sir Charles,  
“ I will make no scruple of helping  
“ him!”

Without waiting to hear her reply,  
he stalked out, shutting the door with  
violence.

Obedience now became a crime; and  
every lenient and submissive measure  
having failed, she came to the resolution  
of instantly abandoning the house of so  
infamous a man: she rang immediately  
for the maid, and learning that her hus-  
band was gone out, she wrote a short  
note to her father, in which she desired  
him to detain the children till farther no-  
tice. Having thus sent away the chil-  
dren, she prepared to follow herself, when  
she was interrupted by the return of Mo-  
bile, who came straight up stairs to her  
chamber.

“ Will



“Will you forgive me?” said he—“I am extremely concerned that I spoke so harshly; but I was transported with madness at the consequences of my own folly.—I have been a sad dog to you, Cinthelia; but I hope times will mend—I will, if you please, take my tea with you, let Sir Charles think of it as he will.”

Cinthelia knew not what to conclude from this sudden change, which she imputed to his fear of her quitting him; but having been more than once imposed upon by his pretences, she affected to think him sincere, and they sat down together to tea; after which he took leave with a kiss—a kindness he had latterly wholly omitted; and, to say truth, it was in the present instance like the kiss of Judas, to betray, having, unperceived by her, conveyed into her tea an opiate, for the most infamous purpose.

It

It was after nine before he departed, having stayed till he perceived, by a certain drowsiness, that the medicine had taken effect; but late as it was, Cinthelia had no intention to remain another night in the house: it was in vain she endeavoured to overcome her inclination to sleep, for which she could not account; but having before experienced the efficacy of coffee in clearing the senses, she ordered it to be prepared, and, taking a couple of dishes, found immediate benefit.

The quantity, however, of the opiate, had been too strong wholly to yield to the antidote, and finding herself incapable of proceeding in her design, she bolted the door, and, as she hoped, resigned herself to repose for the last time in that house.

## CHAP. IV.

**H**ER sleep was heavy and confused, variety of fearful images flitting through her agitated fancy, from which she frequently started in all the horrors of fright: but such was the power of the narcotic she had taken, that she again sunk into insensibility.

About one o'clock, Sir Charles, who had bribed the servant to admit him into the closet, stole gently into the chamber of Cinthelia, and finding her in a deep sleep, exulted in his stratagem, and prepared to violate the virtue he could not but revere.

He threw aside the dressing gown, in  
which



which he had wrapped himself, and, without noise, slipped into the bed at the side, with one hand, for it was totally dark, groping for the hands of Cinthelia, that he might so secure them as to prevent her struggles.

Her right arm, with some difficulty, he disengaged from the other, they being placed over her bosom, and bringing it under him, rendered it impossible she could use it; then passing his left hand under her, he secured the other, believing himself now certain of obtaining his intent.—He clasped her to his bosom with a violence he could not check, and, kissing her, was proceeding to accomplish his design, when his hand upon her gentle bosom waked her in a dreadful fright, which was nearly succeeded by fainting, at finding both her arms secured, and the indecent liberties Sir Charles had taken. She screamed aloud for assistance; now imploring the mercy of heaven, and then beseeching

befeeching him to let her go; but he was deaf to all entreaty, almost stifling her with kisses, which interrupted her cries.

Her feet, which were locked together, he endeavoured to disengage; but her struggles were so convulsive, he found it impossible, being obliged to hold her with his utmost strength, to prevent her throwing herself out of the bed.

“My dearest angel!” said he, “why this resistance—Pity a lover, who dies for you, who will to-morrow make you mistress of his fortune!”

“Free me, detestable villain!” cried she, struggling—“I despise both you and your fortune!—Dear Sir Charles, have mercy upon me, and do not plunge me in deeper misery!—I will die first!—O, heaven! sink me at once from

“ from existence, rather than let me live  
“ without purity of mind!”

“ What folly is this ?” said he, “ dear  
“ lovely creature! it is against your  
“ will, and therefore your mind cannot  
“ be injured.”

Having almost spent herself with the  
violent efforts she had made, and finding  
her cries and supplications alike ineffec-  
tual, she must have become the prey of  
the violator, had she not, by a sudden  
turn, released her feet from his, and,  
exerting the remains of her strength, she  
darted them with so much violence against  
the stomach of Sir Charles, that he re-  
laxed at once his hold, and for a moment  
appeared deprived of life.

Starting up, she leaped upon the floor,  
and wrapping the quilt round her, ran to  
find, if possible, the handle of the bell;  
but Sir Charles, having recovered from  
the



the blow, and being rendered savage from the resistance he met, when he had expected none, again clasped her in his arms, swearing he would not again be cheated—"Besides, madam," said he, "your character, which you value at so preposterous a rate, is already lost; the world has long believed me happy in your possession: thus you have even the resort of Lucretia, for you are already defamed, and 'tis the extreme folly, after this, to refuse such a trifle."—"The opinions of the world," said she, "shall never lead me wrong, against my judgement!—Unhand me, sir, if you would not have me expire in your arms!"

Sir Charles, at this, repeated an indecent jest, telling her, that, with all her modesty, she had but one concession to make, for he had satisfied himself she was the most lovely of her sex. Cinthelia felt the blood rise into her cheeks, notwithstanding

standing it was dark, and her anger kindling into rage, she again endeavoured to free herself, sinking from his arms upon her knees, beseeching him by every argument to quit her. The blow she had given him with her feet had considerably discomposed him; and perhaps hoping to engage her to terms by argument, he raised her upon the edge of the bed, protesting, if she would hear him quietly, to offer her no indecency. Her spirits were nearly exhausted, and her head became so confused, that she scarcely knew where she was. Sir Charles fearing by her trembling, and the deep sighs that escaped her, that she was going to faint, ventured to put his arm round her, by way of support; but she now discovered, that, in slipping through his arms upon the floor, she had lost the quilt, and finding that now she was more in his power than ever, she uttered a loud scream, and fell with violence from the edge of the bed.

Sir Charles, fearing lest she should have killed herself by the fall, stooped down to raise her, and his fear was augmented into terror, at finding the floor wet with blood; he rang the bell with violence, and hastening to his own chamber, dressed himself, that he might be among the first to inquire the reason of the noise.

Some of the servants, who had heard her cries, had not offered to assist, concluding it was a quarrel with their master, who had come home in a very furly humour; but now supposing something tragical was taking place, they hurried with lights to the chamber, but the door was locked, and all within was a dead silence.

Mobile, finding it necessary he should make his appearance, and knowing Sir Charles had escaped, by hearing his voice in his own room, ran up stairs, and burst open



open the door; when seeing, by a glance of the light, that his wife lay in a posture unfit to be exposed to the servants, he ordered two of the maids to go and see what was the matter.

By them Cinthelia was laid upon the bed, and the usual remedies applied to recover her senses, which probably were not so efficacious as the blood she had lost, from a cut in her head, by falling against the edge of a chair. From one fit she scarcely recovered a moment, to utter exclamations of horror and cries for protection, ere she sunk into another, and it was morning before she was perfectly sensible.

Meanwhile Sir Charles, who feared that her life was in danger, stalked about his room, cursing his own violence, and almost inclined to relinquish a pursuit attended with so much difficulty, and opposition

position so strenuous.—In the violence of his anger he sent for Mobile, and upbraided him as a scoundrel, who wished to make a market of the chastity of a wife infinitely too good for him, swearing he would follow him with ruin and destruction.

Mobile, who had a spice of the coward in his nature, in place of answering his threats by defiance, sought to pacify him, by representing that his wife was subject to fainting, that the accident was a mere trifle, and that a few days patience would set every thing right; insinuating, at the same time, that, had he succeeded, there would not have been so much fuss, as she must be a fool, indeed, to blaze about her own dishonour.

Sir Charles was easily satisfied with these arguments, all his compunction proceeding from fear, lest his life should be

be endangered; and as his passion was, if possible, more inflamed by the liberties he had taken, he was soon prevailed on to assume his hopes.

Though extremely weak, Cinthelia recovered the perfect use of her senses, and by the help of her maid, who wept at the part she had taken in betraying her, put on her clothes, and learning that Mobile was gone out, bade them instantly fetch a coach.—In vain the maid remonstrated: she commanded her with a voice determined to be obeyed; and as she was too ill to finish packing the things she intended the preceding night, she gave way to tears, till the arrival of the hack; she then caused the servant to help her down stairs, and the door being opened, she was stepping out, when Mobile came up.

“ So, madam,” said he, “ you are an early riser, after your illness: but I do



“not think you well enough to go  
“abroad—Step back, if you please.”

“No, sir,” said she, firmly, “never!  
“Mr. Mobile, you have used me barba-  
“rously, and I never will return!”

“But you shall, madam!” cried he,  
laying hold on her arm.—“Here, Tho-  
“mas, lead your mistress back!”

“You have no right, sir!—Good  
“heavens! am I to be insulted and  
“murdered in the face of the world!  
“Will nobody interfere—will nobody  
“protect me!” cried she, with an air of  
distraction, as they led her to the house,  
for she was unable to resist.

“What is all this?” demanded a gen-  
tleman passing by—“Why is this vio-  
“lence?”

“It is my wife, sir,” replied Mobile:  
“she

“ was this moment on the point of  
“ eloping to her lover—You cannot in-  
“ terfere between me and my wife.”

“ O! do, do!” cried Cinthelia—“ I am  
“ indeed his wife; but am I therefore  
“ to be killed by him!”

“ No, madam,” replied the gentle-  
man: “ but as you are his wife, I can-  
“ not take you from him; I will, how-  
“ ever, step in with you, and see that  
“ you are not wronged.”

“ I will die here!” cried ſhe, wildly,  
“ on this very ſpot, before I enter again  
“ thoſe doors!—Mr. Mobile, if you are  
“ not worſe than a butcher, unhand  
“ me!”

“ My deareſt love,” replied he, affect-  
ing kindneſs to ſooth the mob, who were  
ready to interfere, “ conſider my ho-

“nour and your own, and return to my  
“house.”

As no one is willing, on those occasions, to interfere in concerns that do not belong to them, and as Mobile affected the injured and compassionate husband, Cinthelia must have again been carried back, when, at that instant, another hackney coach drove up, out of which her father stepped, having not been able to conquer his impatience at her not coming according to the note he had received, fearing some accident had prevented her: he instantly rushed thro' the mob, demanding what was the meaning of it, without waiting a reply, and coming up to Cinthelia:

“Why is this!” cried he; “for what  
“is this violence!”

“My father!” cried she, “you are  
“then



"then at last come! Save me from these  
"monsters! Where are my children?"

"They are well, my love," said he,  
taking her hand—"You shall go home  
"with me."

"No, sir," said Mobile; "she is my  
"wife, and the claim of an husband su-  
"percedes that of a father!"

"Another time, sir!" replied Hendon,  
angrily; "at present my daughter shall  
"go with me.—She is now out of your  
"doors, and at your peril force her  
"back without legal authority!"

The demands of the mob now became  
violent to know what was the matter,  
and as beauty carries with it a tacit, but  
powerful argument, they were not long  
deciding in her favour, conducting her  
to the coach with repeated huzzas.

The

The fright, confusion, and fatigue, so overpowered Cinthelia, that, on her arrival at home, she was seized with a sudden illness, so violent that she was obliged to retire to bed, where she was again overcome with a repetition of fainting, which, notwithstanding the exertion of an eminent physician, brought on an abortion that nearly terminated her life; but, after lingering some months, she slowly recovered.

Sir Charles, in the mean time, finding his prey torn from his grasp, cursed in his heart the villain who could be guilty of stimulating him against so much worth; and not considering that himself was equally guilty, fancied he was doing an act of justice, in surrendering Mobile to his fate. The signal was no sooner given, by the departure of Sir Charles from the house, than the creditors issued an execution; and Mobile, too pusillanimous

nimous to make a fashionable exit, secluded himself in a lofty room, in a miserable alley, where he remained till the disturbance was blown over.

Mr. Hendon, for the sake of his grand children, took upon him to regulate the accounts, in the distant hope, that some trifle might remain: but in this he was greatly deceived; for, after all had been sold, and several of the creditors accepted a moiety, giving a receipt for the whole, there remained many small bills, beside near five thousand pounds to Sir Charles, who swore he would ferret Mobile from his retreat, and fix him in a cage for life.

The behaviour of Lord Dolittle, on this occasion, was unfeeling in the extreme, he not only traducing his brother in all companies, but added, that it was owing to the unsocial character of Cinthelia that he had first been driven to  
seek



seek company abroad.—To him Mobile was indebted an hundred pounds, and, in place of compounding with the majority of creditors, he held back, with intention to arrest him, when he should again venture abroad.

Thus, when Cinthelia recovered her health, she found herself in the situation of a widow, whose hopes are all blasted by the death of her husband. The kindness of her father prevented her repining at the hardness of her lot, and the company of her children was a never failing source of pleasure.

She lived with her father in a retired manner, that she might avoid visiters, and defeat the calumny circulated against her.—The fate of his daughter, and the rude shocks of fortune, sapped the health of Mr. Hendon, and to her other fears Cinthelia began to apprehend the loss of her father—a loss she deplored in anticipation,

cipation, as she should then be cast upon the world, without a confessor, and without a friend.

Her youth and beauty would be invitation to insult, her inexperience would expose her to imposition, and her trifling income ill defend her from the casualties of life; the resource of matrimony, which, to a single woman, affords an hope of establishment, was cut off, and through the long term of her existence, (for years of misery in advance seem tedious), she was doomed to spend her life, with no other enjoyment than the pleasure afforded her by her children.

Such was the prospect of Cinthelia at twenty-five, who never erred willingly from the line of her duty, nor ever listened to the insidious inticements of vice.

CHAP.

## CHAP. V.

Have you not, in darksome night,  
 A meteor seen, with rapid flight,  
 Dart thro' the sky, while blockheads swear  
 The glittering *nothing* is a star;  
 Ended, its unsubstantial fires  
 In some foul ditch it soon expires.

ROBERTSON.

**A**BOUT five months after the affairs of Mobile had been arranged, and all inquiry after himself proved useless, Cinthelia received a letter, in an hand she knew to be his; she trembled extremely as she held it in her hand, beginning to fear she was again to be persecuted, again to suffer from him: unable to break the seal, she gave it to her father, who first cast a glance over the contents



contents, before he ventured to read it aloud.

“ Madam, for no longer dare I call  
“ you by any dearer name, I approach  
“ you, not with the claims of an husband,  
“ but the repentant supplications of a  
“ villain, who, too late, is convinced of  
“ his error, and shudders at the ruin he  
“ has spread in the heat of his delirium.  
“ The only excuse I can make to myself,  
“ and to you, is the errors of my edu-  
“ cation: taught, from infancy, that I  
“ was heir to a fortune, I considered  
“ nothing valuable but the power to  
“ squander, and being led into the  
“ company of others equally thought-  
“ less, their example became a law, and  
“ ridicule an index pointing against  
“ good.—I feel that no excuse can be  
“ of weight: I will not, therefore, at-  
“ tempt it.—I have acted to you, Cin-  
“ thelia, with the most barbarous cru-  
“ elty—yes—for, after what you know  
“ of

“ of me, concealment is a foolish palli-  
“ ative—I have not only squandered my  
“ fortune in every species of dissipation,  
“ but I have taken the bread from my  
“ children to give luxury to harlots!  
“ After this confession, blot me from  
“ your memory, if your gentle and ge-  
“ nerous nature will permit: I ask not,  
“ I cannot hope your pardon; but you,  
“ Cinthelia, who ever had compassion  
“ for the distressed, will grant me that  
“ which will give relief to an heart  
“ wounded with self condemnation—  
“ you will, perhaps, even extend your  
“ relief to a wretch like me: aban-  
“ doned by fortune, abandoned by those  
“ I thought my friends, and abandoned  
“ by hope, I entreat you to send me a  
“ guinea, that I may not absolutely perish  
“ for want.—I have applied to my sister,  
“ whom I never injured, but she replied,  
“ that her father did not leave his for-  
“ tune to her—I apply to you, whom I  
“ have injured, for I know that you are  
“ an

"angel, and that I am a miscreant, condemned to perdition!"

The tears streamed from the eyes of Cinthelia, at the contents of this letter, for she could not forget that the writer, however unworthy, had once been the partner of her bed, and was the father of those children she delighted daily to caress. There was something also shocking to her nature, in the reflection, that the man, who but a few months past was rioting in all the profusion of licentious extravagance, master of an house, with servants and a carriage at his call, should now be perishing for want in a garret.

The messenger, who was a ragged boy, such as do any little job in the by-streets of the town, being called up, his appearance was so ill, that Mr. Hendon did not think him a safe conveyance, and proposed to go himself, which was agreeable to his daughter, who wished to know  
if



if the repentance of Mobile was sincere, and if his situation was as deplorable as the letter seemed to hint. To this the lad replied, that the gentleman desired that nobody might come, as he could not bear to think of receiving them in such a place.

This refusal rather increased Mr. Hendon's desire, as it seemed an argument that he was sincere; for, notwithstanding the humility of the letter, there yet remained a doubt that so short a time had produced a reform: he followed the boy through several by-streets, and as many alleys, between Fleet-street and Holborn, till they arrived at a court, which, after a few windings, brought them to another, without a thoroughfare, and dismally dark, from the height of the houses, which were so close, that a conversation might be carried on with ease between two opposite.

The

The stair was narrow, and broke in several places, and it was with difficulty Mr. Hendon could grope his way to the upper story, where the fallen Mobile had found a sanctuary, in the obscurity of wretchedness and poverty.

To describe the misery of the apartment might be deemed an insult to the rich, for *they* are accustomed to visit and relieve distress; it would be superfluous to the poor, for to them it is familiar. Mr. Mobile was laying very ill, upon a paltry bed, the picture of distress: want of food had so reduced him, that, though in the days of his prosperity he had exhibited symptoms of the good things of life, he was now fallen to a shadow of what he then was, so that Mr. Hendon was uncertain of his personality, till confirmed by his voice.

He was surprised at a visit he had so little reason to expect; and far from pleading

pleading in his own behalf, he accused himself with so much earnestness of the crimes he had committed, and the ills he had brought upon Cinthelia, that Mr. Hendon began to think him truly penitent, and to pity the situation in which he had found him.

He had scarcely tasted food for twenty-four hours preceding, and, though extremely ill, was without advice or attendance; and thus must shortly have perished for want, in a garret, the man who but a few months past was throwing away hundreds on the chance of a dye or the fleetness of an horse.

He appeared overcome with the goodness of Mr. Hendon, even weeping at the name of Cinthelia and his children, and cursing Sir Charles, who, he said, had facilitated his ruin, that he might more easily seduce his wife. These complaints, though they served as conviction of his sincerity,



sincerity, were unpleasant to a man of Mr. Hendon's generosity; wherefore, sending for some refreshment, and an apothecary to look into the state of his health, he returned home to his expecting daughter, who could not but commiserate the situation of a man, who, whatever were his crimes, was still so nearly united to her; and she even debated with herself, whether duty did not require her attendance. From this, however, even her own rigid principles acquitted her, as, certainly, any farther connection with a man, who had exhibited so much baseness of thinking and action, was not required by either religion, morality, or humanity.

On the next day Mr. Hendon again made him a visit, and found him to appear worse, being satisfied himself that he had not long to live, in which prognostic the apothecary concurred.

“ I have

“I have but one desire,” said he,  
“before I die, yet that is so hopeless  
“that I tremble to mention it, and  
“should not, did I not know the greatly  
“injured are often more ready to for-  
“give, than those whom we have only  
“affronted.—As I must die, it would  
“give peace in some measure to my  
“mind, if permitted to ask pardon of  
“your daughter in this world; for how  
“dare I quit it, in the expectation of  
“being summoned before a dreadful tri-  
“bunal with her as a witness against  
“me.”

This request was far from offending Mr. Hendon, as it served to strengthen the professions of a sincere repentance, he having in the days of his prosperity jested on every thing sacred; but now, as is usually the case, with men who only ridicule what others point at, without entering into the subject, and understanding the grounds of context, he fled in

in the day of trial, to every tottering shelter that offered to screen him from justice.

Mobile was particularly desirous that Sir Charles should not know his retreat, the sum he was indebted to him being too enormous to afford him any prospect of ever possessing the power of payment, even supposing he could recover; and though he might be said to injure Sir Charles, by dying in his debt, yet he considered that debt as illegal, being the product of gaming, and cancelled by the evils he had brought upon his head.

Cinthelia was affected at the manner in which he had spoke of her, forgetting, in his present distress, all he had formerly made her suffer, and, though affection was not interested, she clasped her children in her arms, and wept at the fate of their father. This truly amiable woman, having dressed her children, left them the



the next morning in the care of the maid, and, accompanied by her father, proceeded to the house of refuge, where her husband lay, upon the point of death. He was extremely touched at this goodness, pouring forth professions of his own unworthiness, as well as his weakness would permit—"Now," cried he, "best of women! now, when too late, I see the extensiveness of your worth.—What a fool, what a madman was I, not to distinguish your value till I felt your loss! But, could you look into my heart, could you see the regret and confusion I suffer under, you would see that I am not the same!"

"I hope not," said Cinthelia, sobbing.—"For your sake, Mr. Mobile, I hope you have repented of all your misdeeds; and if your repentance is sincere, there is still an opening to mercy."

"Benevolent

“ Benevolent angel,” repeated he, with a deep sigh, “ a death bed repentance is  
 “ a weak resource ! for how are we to be  
 “ assured that there is a real penitence,  
 “ when room for action is not given, and  
 “ words are our only security.”

“ This diffidence of self,” said she, “ is  
 “ a sign of true repentance, and he who  
 “ created us weak, will exact only in  
 “ proportion to our frailty ; hope, then,  
 “ for his mercy ; and may he pardon you  
 “ as I do, whom you have only parti-  
 “ ally injured.”

“ Can I bear this !” cried he in con-  
 fusion—“ I am unworthy your concern,  
 “ angelic Cinthelia ! Go from me, that  
 “ I may recover some confidence to look  
 “ up to thee, whom I have so dreadfully  
 “ injured ! Mr. Hendon, what a wretch  
 “ have I been to this best of women ! To  
 “ be after all so kindly forgiven, is in-  
 “ deed far beyond what I dared to think :

"but is it indeed true? yet why should  
"I doubt."

Cinthelia, with a grace which dignified her actions, gave her hand to the sick man, as a confirmation of her forgiveness, and feeling her heart considerably lightened at this contrition of a man she had shuddered to think might hereafter be consigned to the grave, with his sins and transgressions unrepented: added to this, his situation had a powerful and irresistible claim upon her feelings; and when she beheld him pale, and upon a bed of sickness, with approaching death portrayed on every feature, could she do less than pity, and all her sufferings being obliterated by the presence of his, could she do less than pardon? There was also a trifling incident, which had a powerful effect, though not obvious, perhaps, to herself at that moment, which was the very striking similarity of feature between Mobile and the little champion



pion of her honour, whom she loved, and this remembrance was improved by the sickness of Mobile.

It was necessary that Cinthelia should not make frequent visits to her husband, lest it might lead to a discovery of his abode; for she feared that Sir Charles would not sit down, after his late defeat, without at least seeking revenge, and probably might retain some spy over her actions. But here her fears were without foundation; for, convinced by her resolution, and extreme resistance, that neither arguments of love, offers of wealth, or threats of ruin, could move her to comply, and being more in love with her than he had imagined, till her virtues had risen superior to his attempts, he determined to seek amusement in the variety of a foreign country, as he knew no woman, within the circle of his acquaintance, worthy to take her place in his bosom.

For near a month Mobile continued to linger on the brink of the grave, as he considered that it was not decent to recover so early from an illness that threatened his life; and he was pleased with playing upon the feelings of his too believing wife, it serving to confirm him in her forgiveness, and to forward his aim of again being allowed to live with her.

He had no means himself of providing an existence, but he hoped, by the countenance of Mr. Hendon, to procure something, or, at least, he knew his wife's annuity would secure him from want. By remaining in obscurity, he was secluded from the resentment of Sir Charles, whom he trembled to see, and avoided the taunts of his acquaintance, who, he hoped, would shortly forget him, in new details of ruin and new examples of luxurious destruction.

It is true, he had been reduced almost

to

to actual starvation before he durst venture a petition to his wife ; but the fear arose more from the dread of discovering his abode, than from his despair of attaining her forgiveness. His indisposition arose merely from want, and therefore gave him no real alarm, as, by removing the cause, the effect subsided ; and he could not refrain exulting in his heart at the deception he practised on the generous Hendon, and his more generous daughter.

By degrees he acquired strength sufficient to quit his bed, and in the dusk of the evening Cinthelia sometimes ventured to visit him, his professions of contrition and amendment having procured forgiveness and reconciliation, so far as the offices of friendship would permit ; but though suspicion was nearly eradicated, prudence forbade a nearer connection, till a little time should confirm the resolutions of sickness.



The affairs of Mr. Hendon, though arranged, had not been balanced; and during several preceding years the surplus of his profits had been absorbed by standing debts, which his creditors were willing to receive by liquidation, his character being unstained: he had also, at various times, advanced to Mobile trifling sums, which altogether had prevented him having any thing on hand; and, in truth, his business, which would have been very productive, if carried on with a capital, for want of that capital, daily diminished; infomuch, that at the time Cinthelia returned to live with him, his profits merely sufficed to defray his expenditure.

From him, therefore, Mobile could not expect to receive a supply; but being terrified at the prospect of starvation, and not having the courage to take the air of Hounslow, like some of his worthy predecessors in the road to ruin, he was  
willing

willing to descend to the station of a clerk; yet even this he feared to accept, while Sir Charles suspended a weapon over his head. From these fears, however, he was agreeably relieved, by the departure of that gentleman for the continent; and now fancying himself secure from molestation, he ventured to leave his retreat, and, by a little good management, took up his station with Mr. Hendon.

His natural indolence, or rather the habits of education, would have suffered him to sit down in the house of his father-in-law, contented to receive his daily bread, without exertion, had not Mr. Hendon himself made inquiry after a situation, which, from the known profligacy of his character, would have been unattainable, had not the good offices of Mr. Brianton been exerted to gain him admission on the extra list at the India House.

At this period Mr. Brianton was calling in his accounts, in order to quit the firm, and retire to a small estate he had purchased in Kent, whose salubrious air had in some measure reinstated the health of Edward; and it being at a distance from town precluded the possibility of another rencounter with an object to him so dangerous. He heard, 'tis true, the ruin of Mobile, and so much of Cinthelia's distress as report conveyed, which to him was a subject of grief, and he would have extended to her pecuniary relief, had he deemed it prudent, or had she not been received by her father.

The attentions of his wife, who was meekness itself, and the progressions of time, had diminished much of his attachment, which his own sense and the exertions of gratitude daily contributed to decrease; so that the good Quakers had reason to expect the recovery of his health would bring with it tranquillity, and



and that their daughter would not in the end repent having married a man, whose only motives of acceptance were gratitude and esteem.

## CHAP. VI.

FOR some months Mobile continued the character he had assumed; and to divert his hours at home, Cinthelia often provided a little party of friends, who did not expect any preparation for their reception, and were pleased with a farthing game at cards, and a dish of tea.

In her own person she was remarkably neat; and though her wardrobe was now far from extensive, yet her manner always gave her an air of gentility, and the graces seemed to flutter in her garments.

## CHAP.

## CHAP. VI.

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the Leopard  
his spots? PROVERBS.

**F**OR some months Mobile continued the character he had assumed; and to diversify his hours at home, Cinthelia often provided a little party of friends, who did not expect any preparation for their reception, and were pleased with a farthing game at cards, and a dish of tea.

In her own person she was remarkably neat; and though her wardrobe was now far from extensive, yet her manner always gave her an air of gentility, and the graces seemed to flutter in her garments.

ments. The inimitable fables of Ruffel had been one of her Christmas presents, and she ever held in her mind those lines in the matrimonial secret, which contain, in few words, the essence of action.

— Each rising day  
Let her to *Taste* an offering pay,  
Each night, ere she retire to rest,  
Let *Delicacy* bind her breast,  
And let the nymph *Simplicity*  
Surround her waist with *Modesty*.

Almost any man but Mobile would have been humanized; but the habits of education are hardly to be eradicated.

At home she preserved the greatest neatness and regularity, for she had the talent of keeping the house clean, without being always cleaning.

By her own cheerful behaviour she sometimes dissipated the frown which  
rose



role on the brow of her husband at his return from the labour of the desk, and by words of the sweetest kindness she expressed her own satisfaction in his company, and answered his complaints of the slavery he was doomed to, by representing the cases of many beneath them.

If any person called unexpected, she was always ready to receive them, without descending to apologies, which are only like begging a compliment, and which frequently are no more than declaring that the present visit is unwelcome.

It happened one day, on an holyday, when Mr. Mobile was at home, that a gentleman, who had been an acquaintance of his father's, called, proposing to remain to dinner, which threw Mobile into a flutter, as nothing equal to his guest was provided, and he was ashamed  
of

of appearing at a table so comparatively mean to what he had formerly been used to. In place, however, of lamenting the scantiness of the dinner, and the want of many things that in an higher situation would have been necessary, Cinthelia conducted the gentleman in with smiles of satisfaction, carved up her little joint, and helped the maid to attend, with as much facility as though she had been accustomed to it, leaving the gentleman to infer his own conclusions, as he was not ignorant of their situation; neither did she attempt to shew her hospitality, by pressing upon him more than was agreeable.

This behaviour was so pleasing to him, (for he was a man of good sense), that he departed with satisfaction, determined to renew a visit, which he saw gave no uneasiness, and proclaimed his welcome;

and

and from their frugality, he hoped that Mobile had now seen his folly, and would reform; whereas, had he been received with an account of the variety they *would have had*, he must have despised their folly, or had they actually thrown a dozen dinners into one, he would have pitied their extravagance; for however pride would disguise, our friends must know what is within our ability, and to exceed that ability is the most ridiculous vanity.

By this behaviour Mobile did not so much feel the want of many luxuries to which he had been accustomed, and Cinthelia began to hope that his reformation was nearly radical, when a circumstance neither expected nearly undid at once the labour of a long time.

Her sweetness of behaviour, and her obliging attention to Mobile, (if possible, more marked than in the day of their prosperity),



prosperity), had made some small impression on his mind, especially as not a glance of reflection reverted to his former behaviour, nor any sound of reproach reached his ear. He had in part reconciled himself to the routine of clerkship, when he received a letter from his brother Lord Dolittle, demanding payment of the hundred pounds. Mobile became instantly gloomy—his supper was badly dressed, and he would not eat it—he was the most miserable wretch alive:—

“Here,” cried he, “am I chained to the oar like a galley slave; and the moment I am fixed a little easy in my seat, comes a demand for 100l. D—n him! let him put me in jail—what the devil do I care! I had better be in jail, than as I am, for what I know!”

“Fye, my dear,” said she, pouring him out a tumbler of beer—“Come, drink this, and never despair—perhaps he’ll take your note for the money at a long

"long date, and we'll contrive somehow  
"to save it."

"And do you think I am so mean as  
"to ask him? No, I'll go to jail first!"

"But will you allow me to ask him?  
"be assured I shall not act meanly."

"Well, if you will, you must; but it  
"will be of no use."

"I can but try, my dear, you know."

Accordingly next day Cinthelia dressed  
herself neatly, and the weather being  
fine, went on foot to Lord Dolittle's: she  
was admitted into the hall till her sister  
was informed of her visit, and from the  
head of the stairs she was entertained  
with a specimen of relative affection.

"I am astonished, John," said the  
lady, "you should bring any message  
"from

from the creature to me! Have I not told you I am never at home to her!

"I expect to be torn to pieces for money, now he has run through all my father left him!"

"I ask pardon, my lady, but she looked so distressed somehow; and then I did not know she was come for money."

"Pray how is she dressed? No coach now I suppose—Did she mention her business?"

"No, my lady—She only desired to see you a moment!"

"It's prodigiously provoking, that I must be exposed to such impertinence; but tell her that 'I'm in haste to go out; and if she has any long thing to tell me, she must come again, for I can't stop five minutes!'"

Cinthelia



Cinthelia, from this dialogue, inferred few hopes of success, and almost wished that she had spared herself the mortification of stooping to pride so insolent; but recollecting that the meanness was not in suffering, but in inflicting, her spirits came to her relief, and she ascended the stairs with firmness.

The lady had withdrawn into the dining room, and, on Cinthelia's entrance, returned her salutation with a slight inclination of the head, without desiring her to sit.—“ You will excuse my staying long, ma'am,” said she, drawling; “ but I am haste to Lady Sarah Mountain's; so please to inform me to what I owe the honour of this visit.”

“ To a letter, ma'am, Mr. Mobile received yesterday!”

“ O aye, about the hundred pounds: but what then?”

“ You

" You cannot be ignorant that his  
" circumstances will not conveniently  
" allow him to spare so much at present ;  
" and I am come to desire Lord Dolittle  
" will accept a note in lieu of cash."

" I really don't know.—I never med-  
" dle with my lord's concerns ; but I  
" don't think he will, as I know he  
" wants money—Stocks are very low,  
" madam : and beside, you know old Mr.  
" Mobile left the chief of his fortune to  
" Harry, and more to a stranger than to  
" his own daughter ; and so I don't see  
" why we should lose both ways."

" I am far from desiring it—I only  
" ask what any stranger would not re-  
" fuse."

" Perhaps not, and perhaps they  
" might.—Strangers don't readily give  
" away their money : and you know,  
" had not Mr. Mobile been extravagant,  
" that

“that he might have been a gentleman—  
“But really I can’t stay any longer; and  
“my lord is not at home.”

Cinthelia repressed her rising indignation, calmly replying, while she glanced her eye round the room:—“You would  
“do well to remember that Lord Do-  
“little treads the same steps as your  
“brother; and that day may come, when  
“if you may want an hundred pounds.”

“For that,” retorted the Lady, “I  
“may thank my sister Meekness, for  
“wheeling my old doating father out  
“of what he should have left his own  
“daughter.”

“Pardon me,” replied Cinthelia;  
“you owe his neglect to the filial affec-  
“tion, which now shines in sisterly kind-  
“ness!”

“Am I to be insulted, creature!”  
cried



cried the enraged Lady, "by you, who  
"have been so long preserved by our  
"family! And had not my brother  
"taken you, like a fool as he is, without  
"a farthing, he might have had a real  
"born lady, and been now a gentle-  
"man, with money in his pocket, and  
"kept his carriage, and not been sneak-  
"ing in holes and corners, ashamed to  
"show his face!—Why don't Sir Charles  
"help you?"

To this harangue Cinthelia felt ashamed to reply, and, to conceal the starting tear, took a cool leave, determined never, in any future distress, again to apply, where application was only invitation to insult.

She returned home extremely thoughtful, as she dreaded acquainting Mobile with her ill success, fearing it would throw him out of the regular pace he had entered upon, and crush at once all their hopes

hopes of futurity.—Reflecting within herself on the possibility of raising so large a sum, and knowing it to be wholly out of her father's power, she slowly walked along the streets, without observing the persons passing, when she heard her name pronounced in a voice, which, being familiar, made her start and turn round.

"Mr. Hervey," said she, "is it you?"  
 "How do you do, sir?"

"So, so," replied Hervey: "but you do not look over well—What is the matter with you? Are your children well?"

"They were perfectly so in the morning," replied she, trying to smile. "It is some time since we met last—May I have the honour to wish you joy?"

"You may," replied he, bowing;  
 "but

“but it will be on the preservation of  
“my freedom. Had I been so fortu-  
“nate as to meet with a Cinthelia, I  
“might have been tempted.”

“No flattery, I entreat,” returned  
she: “we are old friends, and there-  
“fore ought to use sincerity.—But this  
“is nonsense.—Is your sister well?”

“She is,” replied he, “and has a de-  
“sire to receive a visit from you.”

“I am sure,” returned she, “you will  
“accept my excuse.—A wife like me,  
“with two children, has little time un-  
“employed: but, had I more, I know  
“none with whom I would sooner share  
“it than your sister.”

“You are aware,” replied Hervey,  
with a smile, “I am not one who desire  
“to promote gadding amongst the ladies;  
“but that you can occasionally take a  
“trip,



"trip, my present fortunate meeting is  
 "evidence; and yet I will not say I  
 "have the same claim, in one sense, as  
 "those you have honoured this morn-  
 "ing."

"You are now, sir, a little unintelligi-  
 "ble," replied Cinthelia, surprized.—  
 "Are you acquainted with my visit?"

"Only from the part of the town.  
 "But do you not remember the friend-  
 "ship we pledged when you so cruelly  
 "dismissed me? I take upon me the  
 "privilege of that friendship, and should  
 "this morning have waited upon you  
 "at home; on business this note will ex-  
 "plain; and remember in me you will  
 "always find one ready and willing to  
 "assist you."

Cinthelia was too much astonished to  
 reply; but knowing that the character  
 of Hervey was strictly honourable, she  
 accepted

accepted the note, and he immediately wished her good morning. On her arrival at home, she gave the letter to her father, who read it out.

“Madam, as it may not be very grateful to your husband to know the asperity of his relations, and confident in your prudence, I write on the presumption of our former acquaintance. I was yesterday in company with Mr. H—, my lawyer, when Dolittle gave directions to send Mr. Mobile a letter concerning an hundred pounds, demanding payment, on default of which he was to issue an arrest.—Please to accept for your children the inclosed, which is the first testimony I have had power to give of the friendship of,

“Madam,

“Yours,

“C. HERVEY.”

Cinthelia was affected by this generosity, but scrupled to accept the offered gift without the knowledge of her husband, who had formerly expressed so much discontent on her acquaintance with Hervey, and might, if he came hereafter to know to whom he was under obligation, make it a subject of censure. Her father was also in opinion that it would be best to act perfectly open, there being no greater bane to matrimonial felicity than disguise or suspicion.

Mobile did not come home till supper time, and then sitting down with a look of discontent, he inquired what success she had had with his sister.

“ I can’t say,” replied she, “ that  
“ my reception was altogether friendly;  
“ and as they want the money, I see no  
“ way to avoid paying it.”

“ But



" But how, pray? What person will  
" lend me a shilling?"

" As I came home," said Cinthelia,  
" I met Mr. Hervey ——."

" D—n the fellow!" cried he, inter-  
rupting her—" I hate his very name, a  
" sneaking puppy!"

" That was one reason, my dear, why  
" I would take your advice.—You know  
" he was once my friend, and therefore  
" I could not refuse taking a letter he  
" pressed upon me."

" The devil you did, madam! But  
" what then?"

" There is the letter, my dear; and I  
" think, as it is contrary to your incli-  
" nation, we had better not accept the  
" note he has inclosed."

“How, what, what note?” Then reading the letter, he rumbled the note, and flipped it into his pocket.

“Well,” said Cinthelia, “I think you had better give it him yourself, as it may not be proper for me.”

“D’ye take me for such a fool!—No, no, my dear, I was only jesting; Hervey may be a very good fellow, for any thing I know.”

Still, thought Cinthelia, thou art the same, mean spirited man!

“Do you then, indeed, mean to take the note?” said Mr. Hendon, in a tone of surprize.

“Aye, indeed do I,” said he, “and as many more as he pleases to send. If he is such a fool as to give his money away, I am not the fool to refuse:”

“and

“ and besides, my hatred of the fellow is  
“ a motive to take from him. Don’t  
“ you know the military proverb—al-  
“ ways quarter on the enemy.”

Cinthelia, who knew how little he was to be intrusted with money, and finding his resolution was to keep the note, with some difficulty prevailed upon him to give it her, that she might put it to the purpose for which it was intended.

Thus this affair was settled, which had threatened to destroy all the better resolutions of Mobile.



## CHAP. VII.

**T**HE maid servant, who was their only attendant, was a decent, pretty girl, whose simplicity of look had been her chief recommendation, as she had not been long from the country; but her timidity every day appeared to lose something, and by degrees she ventured a pert reply, not becoming the station of a servant.

For some time Cinthelia imputed this to their circumstances, servants of a mean disposition frequently taking liberty, when they perceive their superiors embarrassed. The forward familiarity of the girl soon made her suspect something deeper; and having unobserved witnessed

some

some passing glances of Mobile, she strongly suspected he had taken liberties unbecoming a master.

An affair of this nature required the utmost prudence of action, it being, in fact, the nicest point a wife has to manage, as by remonstrance she might, too probably, unite them the firmer, and perhaps precipitate what a little policy might set aside.

It was not long (for these things cannot escape the prying observation of a wife) before she had sufficient proof of her suspicion.—One Sunday afternoon, the day being warm, she lay down after dinner, as a relief to the head-ache, and the house being remarkably still, she could hear almost the treading of a foot. A titter in the next room excited her attention, and she could distinguish her husband's voice in a whisper.

“ Pray fir, fye fir,” cried the girl—  
“ I’m fure, fir, thefe are great liberties.”

“ My dear angel!” faid Mobile,  
“ what a charming girl you are! Don’t  
“ make a noife.”

“ Have done, can’t you,” cried ſhe,  
in a voice half conſenting—And Cinthe-  
lia could diſtinguiſh ſeveral kiſſes, and  
an inquiry—“ Are you fure, fir, my  
“ miſtreſs be aſleep?”

It was more than even the patience of  
Cinthelia would endure, to be witneſs  
of her own diſhonour, and ſhe was riſing  
in anger to fly to the next room, when,  
recollecting herſelf, ſhe aſſumed a cool-  
neſs ſhe did not feel, and rung the  
bell.

She could diſtinguiſh a kind of buſ-  
tle, and the girl ſaying—“ Dear, firſ,  
“ my miſtreſs muſt have heard us, as  
“ fure



“ sure as eggs!”—Pshaw!” cried he; “no  
“ such thing! But make haste and see.”  
Accordingly the girl hastened to her mistress in guilty confusion, both of dress and countenance, faltering out an inquiry if she wanted any thing.

“ Yes, Betty,” said she—“ I think I  
“ am a little better; but I want you to  
“ get tea ready, as Mr. Mobile will be in  
“ soon, and we are going out to take a  
“ walk.” This effectually deceived them, Mobile at dinner having said he should go out for the afternoon.

Being now too well satisfied that her suspicions were not erroneous, she sought the first opportunity to find fault; and as the pertness of the girl daily increased, it was not long before she behaved in a manner so unbecoming a servant, that Cinthelia had the best excuse for discharging her, without mentioning the real cause.

Mobile

Mobile would have interfered, but could not find any palliation; and as he was, probably, satisfied with what he had already obtained, he was not upon the whole sorry to part with her, without their connection coming to the knowledge of his wife; at the same time the behaviour of the girl, in affronting her mistress, prevented her complaints.

Though Cinthelia had so happily overcome this threatening danger, yet it rankled in her heart, and confirmed her detestation of the man to whom she was tied: it strengthened her suspicions that his pretensions to reformation were merely selfish, and that he only wanted power to act again every former outrage. With this prospect in view, she regretted her easy credulence of his pretensions; for now she had no retreat, where she could fly from him, in case of ill-treatment. She discovered also, that one principal reason of his coming home early had been

been his intrigue with the maid, and another, through fear of the threats of Dolittle; for, as to his other creditors, they were persons that knew and valued the merits of his wife, for her sake suspending the fate of Mobile, who knew this too well willingly to part from her.

These motives being removed, he returned, though in a lower degree, to his former practices; descending from a tavern in St. James's to a club at a Burton ale house, and from pharo and rouge et noir to *put* and hazard in a cellar, near one of the inns of law, where the science of chance is studied more than the rules of jurisprudence.

From these polite receptacles he frequently returned not perfectly master of his senses, and to admit him Cinthelia had to sit up alone, counting the tedious hours, reflecting on the misery of her lot, and



and ill with want of rest. She had now no servants to wait his return, and if she lay down in her clothes upon the bed, she was liable to take cold, or be waked in alarm by his rapping at the door: if she ventured to remonstrate, which was but seldom, he quickly silenced her by a volley of oaths.

His salary he now sunk to his own use, not once offering to lay down a guinea, either for his dinner or his children, while he gradually assumed all the airs of the master of the house, storming if every thing was not exactly to his liking. Mr. Hendon, notwithstanding the meekness of his disposition, represented to him the absurdity of his behaviour, and desired him, if he could not be a little more regular, to provide himself another abode.

At this Mobile rapped out a round oath, declaring he would go at any time; but his wife should go with him; and as

to

to money, she should have none from him, as long as she had an hundred a year. Thus Mr. Hendon found himself silenced; and as his daughter was certain to fare worse for those arguments, he determined that Mobile should take his full range, in hopes that his practices would quickly destroy him.

There was a certain malicious delight to torment, in the nature of Mobile, which set him often to invent something he knew would be distress to his wife; and having spent all his witticisms upon religion, without destroying her opinions, (though in compliance to his humour, she never went to church), he sought some other mode of wounding her.

He had always an antipathy to his son, merely because that son was so fond of his mother; and knowing that Cinthelia valued him more than her own existence, he would often strike the boy, when he  
would

would rather have dealt the blow to his mother. Cinthelia had, from a motive a little too superstitious, been fearful of innoculating her children, considering it presumption to bring upon them a disease, which Providence might at pleasure inflict, and for this reason, he determined the boy should be innoculated.

This was a subject of perpetual quarrel, till Mr. Hendon one day, when alone with his daughter, inquired why she had so strong an objection?

"My dear father," said she, "the boy is in excellent health, and can I think of pouring corruption into his blood: beside, is it not tempting Providence, and as much as saying, if you have ordained my child to be marked with the small-pox, I will not allow it?"

"My love," said her father, "you do indeed



“ indeed see this matter wrong; for, un-  
“ der your consideration, we ought ne-  
“ ver to apply any remedy to any dis-  
“ ease, lest we should be counteracting  
“ Providence. Why have we antidotes,  
“ if we are not to use them? and, in my  
“ opinion, it is the mercy of Providence  
“ which has pointed out to us this pre-  
“ ventive, as I may call it one of the most  
“ malignant diseases incident to the hu-  
“ man frame: in my opinion it is an act  
“ of duty; for ought we not to preserve  
“ ourselves as heaven has created us? In-  
“ noculation is an act of preservation,  
“ within the duty of a parent; and re-  
“ member, that self reproach cannot at-  
“ tach to any accident which thwarts  
“ our endeavours to do right.”

By arguments like these Cinthelia was convinced; and no longer having objection, the operation was performed first upon Harry, who recovered, after a few days

days illness, and then upon the little girl, who was equally fortunate. During the time that their illness held Cinthelia in the acuteſt ſuſpenſe, the behaviour of Mobile was calculated to do away the ſmall remains of his pretenſions to humanity, and to exhibit him as a wretch totally dead to feeling. If he inquired at all after the children, it was—"Well, madam, you are always in the fullens, always diſmal: but they ayn't dead yet, are they?"

In place of ſhewing any anxiety, he ſcarcely omitted a night coming home ſo intoxicated, that it was with extreme difficulty he could be got to bed; which fatigue added to the anxiety, and ſo depreſſed the ſpirits of Cinthelia, that ſhe found herſelf, on their recovery, very far from well; and rapid as was the career of Mobile, Mr. Hendon feared that grief would conduct his daughter to the grave

grave ere he arrived at that goal, where the race of the vicious and the good terminate alike.

The extravagance of Mobile not allowing them a servant, Mr. Hendon hired a girl, to relieve his daughter in her nursing, and by great care she avoided the illness which threatened her. Her annuity, which was secured to herself, was the only claim she had upon his good behaviour, and this he frequently attempted to extort from her, sometimes by threats, and at others by representing, that, if she sold it, the money would buy him some snug place under government, where he should have little trouble, and live like a gentleman.

These threats and these arguments were, however, equally lost, as Cinthelia considered this fund as the only support of her children; and she wanted that tenderness for their father, which might, in



in some moment of fondness, have induced her to comply.

He had more than once extorted from her all she possessed at the time, till finding she must be left without sufficient to provide for the table, and keep her children decent, she refused to comply. Money, however, he must have, and to raise which, he disposed of all his clothes, except a shabby suit which he wore, and Cinthelia, to prevent his losing his place, was obliged to furnish him another.— Thus, by variety of mean subterfuges, he contrived to strip both her and Mr. Hendon of every shilling necessity did not demand; and Cinthelia, in place of procuring any new clothes for herself, was obliged to change and alter her things in variety of forms; yet still she was always more neat and more clean than her neighbours.

In matrimonial life, there are a thousand

land little trifles, that conduce to, or are destructive of happiness, and which, in general description, escape observation, or appear insignificant; and yet I know not why, when we reflect on the many great events in the military, religious, and civil capacities, that have arisen from a good or a bad dinner.—Amongst this class of trifles, there is, perhaps, nothing more destructive to matrimonial felicity than a mean spirit of selfishness, and this spirit Mobile possessed to the superlative degree: in a woman, it is odious, in a man, detestable. If there happened to be any thing at the table better than ordinary, he would secure himself the largest share; in place of giving his wife the preference, he would insure to himself the choicest bits; or, if there was a scarcity, he would take care of himself, and often took a larger portion, though he had not contributed a fixpence. There were some dishes not agreeable to Cinthelia, and these he  
often

often ordered to be prepared, merely that he might feast himself, while she sat down on one side to a slice of bread and butter, or cheese.

A woman, not to be touched by trifles like these, must be divested of feeling; and I know not, but she would sooner forgive a blow, in a passion, from a generous man, than this pusillanimous proceeding from a selfish one.

It is somewhere written that, *Who so suffereth insult inviteth injury*: so those that will suffer, with passive obedience, shall have enough to endure—a selfish, unfeeling man, not being to be wrought upon by actions that would reclaim the man of generosity: and if any woman is unfortunately tied to a Mobile, I know not whether it is altogether necessary, or best for herself, that she should assume all the virtue of Cinthelia.—A coward spirit, that will triumph over meekness,  
will



will sink beneath opposition, and, without deviating from rectitude, may be laudably opposed. But it is the History of Cinthelia I am writing; and if it was an impropriety, it arose from a truly feminine disposition.

Mobile returned home one evening early, in a very evil disposition, and sitting down, began to reproach his wife with her want of fortune.—“It is you, madam,” said he, “I have to thank for all this; it is you that made me a slave, and bound me in chains, that only death can unloose! But, d—n me, if I don’t wish something! but there, I dare say we are even.—Don’t you wish you were rid of me? that would be a comfort; and then you might draw in some other ninny, with that milk and water face.”

“Have I given you room to talk thus?” said Cinthelia.—“You know that

“that you do not say justly—But what  
“has happened to you?”

“What always will happen, madam,  
“as long as I am tied to you—want of  
“money! Hang me, if I don’t look  
“upon it a robbery for a wife to keep  
“any thing from her husband. Is not  
“every thing you have mine? Answer  
“me that?”

“By the same rule,” replied Cinthe-  
lia, endeavouring to smile, “what is  
“your’s is mine: but when, sir, do I  
“ever see any of your money? It is for  
“your sake, and for my children’s, that  
“I refuse you this; and hard as your re-  
“proaches are, they are lighter than it  
“would be to see my children starving;  
“and can you say you have not your  
“share?”

“Very pretty, truly.—So I’m robbed,  
“and am to think it a favour; but  
“this

“this won’t do, I tell ye—I will have it  
“all, and you shall this very night sign  
“a power of attorney, or you and I,  
“madam, will have a reckoning; and so  
“I leave you for the present!”

Cinthelia was greatly alarmed at the threatening look he assumed, which was accompanied by a grin so malicious, that she suspected he had some outrage in view to frighten her to compliance. Her father, who trusted much to his natural cowardice, endeavoured to support her spirits, advising her not to be frightened into a concession that must end in her ruin; at the same time cautioning her to lay down in her clothes, while he would himself wait his return.

It was near twelve before he came home, and then apparently so intoxicated, that he stumbled against Mr. Hendon, nearly throwing him down.—He reeled into the side parlour a few minutes, and  
pretending



pretending to mistake Mr. Hendon for his wife—"Wha, what d'ye sit up for me for," stammer'd he—"can't I get to, to bed, without you? Ge, ge, get along with ye, and let me alone, bothering."

Mr. Hendon was not in reality sorry to see him so far gone, as there was less to fear; and after some time he prevail'd upon him to go to bed, though his heart smote him as he was conducting the brute into his daughter's chamber. Fool that I was, thought he, from a mean motive of pride, to desire a marriage against the inclinations of so prudent a daughter—No levity in her carriage required my influence in her choice, which was fixed judiciously; yet for a poor worldly consideration, I induced her to accept a beast, whose very touch must be loathsome to a woman, and whose breath is tainted with the pestilential contagion of liquor! Thus, too late, Mr.  
Hendon

Hendon lamented, not reflecting that it is consequences which always mark the character of a preceding action, and that those alone are to blame who act contrary to favourable presumption.

Mobile stumbled into the room of his wife, and sitting down in a chair, feigned instantly to fall asleep; and Mr. Hendon thinking it as well if he slept there till morning, made no attempts to put him to bed. As soon as Mobile judged him to be asleep, he rose from the chair, and going to the bed, "Well, madam," said he, "have you considered my proposal? here is the deed, and I expect and am determined you shall sign it."

Cinthelia, frightened at this address, instantly arose, sitting down on the opposite side in silence.—"That won't answer with me, I can tell you; come here, madam; here is the paper, and

“ by heaven, if you do not sign it, you  
“ never see the light of another day !”

“ What do you mean, Mr. Mobile ?”  
cried Cinthelia, terrified and trembling ;  
“ you know I cannot sign it.”

“ But I say you shall ; or by all that’s  
“ good, I’ll—.” Then seizing her arm, he  
dragged her to the chair he had quitted,  
and, giving her a push, made her sit  
down, while he grasped her hand, to  
guide it on the paper. She feared calling  
for assistance, lest he should be irritated  
to strike her, endeavouring to pacify him  
by argument ; but clenching his fist, he  
held it to her face, swearing he would  
knock her down, if she did not instantly  
sign, and without noise. “ O, spare me !”  
cried she, nearly fainting, “ Mr. Mobile,  
“ do not so rashly—reflect a moment  
“ that you only want to throw this mo-  
“ ney away, and then what will come of  
“ you yourself ?”

“ D—n



“D—n ye, sign, ye b—h! no more  
“bother.”

The little boy, who lay with his sister on the floor, had been some time awake; and used as he was to the wrangling of his father, who never passed a night without scolding for half an hour, he was terrified at his fearful threats, and seeing from the corner where he lay the motions of Mobile, he started from his bed, in an agony, running towards his mother, crying out for her pardon.

“Sirrah!” cried Mobile, gnashing his teeth in rage at the interruption, and snatching up the candle, hurled it at him, crying, “Take that, you bastard, and learn silence!” Fortunately the motion of the boy was oblique, and the candlestick being thrown at random, it missed him; but falling amongst some loose muslins, they were instantly in a  
H 2 blaze,

blaze, which communicated to some linen hanging on a horse.

“ My children! my children! they  
“ will be smothered and burnt!” cried  
Cinthelia, wildly—“ What shall I do!  
“ what *can* I do!”—Her first movement  
was to save them, and rushing by Mobile,  
who had quitted his grasp, and stood in  
mute astonishment, she clasped one un-  
der each arm, and flew down stairs, cry-  
ing—Fire! fire!

Mobile was too much confounded to  
attempt stopping the flame, almost throw-  
ing down Cinthelia, in his haste to fly  
from danger: but recollecting himself,  
by the time he arrived at the bottom, he  
turned round, and in a voice as humble  
as he could assume, begged she would say  
nothing of the cause of the accident, un-  
less she wished to be a means of hanging  
him.

Mr.

Mr. Hendon, who had not been asleep, rose on the first alarm, and seeing his daughter on the stairs, ran up to the chamber, in hopes of extinguishing the fire; but it had now got so far a-head, that the flames and smook burst in vol-lies out at the door: the only part that reason had left to pursue, was to preserve, if possible, some of the effects.

The alarm spread through the streets, the mob assembled, and the confusion became universal. — Cinthelia, half dis-tracted, found shelter for herself and her children in an house nearly op-posite; but what horrors wrung her heart, and distracted her soul, when she saw from the window the flame spread over the house, and burst out at eve-ry window: the cracking of the tim-ber, the clanking of the engines, which by this time began to play, together with the shouts of the people, made a scene she had never before witnessed — while



the sense of her having escaped so overpowered her, that she was seized with violent hysterics.

Meanwhile Mr. Hendon exerted himself to save a little from the wreck, for though he was ensured, it was not to half the intrinsic amount; and Mobile, who wished that the whole should be imputed to accident, was not idle, lamenting the destruction with a sorrow that was not affected.—Two of the adjoining houses shared the same fate; but being timely warned, no lives were lost, though one poor family was totally ruined, and obliged to seek shelter in the workhouse. Of the furniture which was saved from the ravage of the fire, part was smashed to pieces by the carelessness of those who moved it, and part was carried away as spoil, so that a very small portion remained to the unfortunate Hendon.

Cinthelia had been recovered, and in some

some degree tranquillized, by the kindness of the house where she had found shelter; but her spirits had been so agitated, that she started at the smallest noise, and fell into an universal tremble.—A lodging was taken in a private street, to which she removed with her children, and here the remains of the furniture was conveyed.

Mobile, on whom strong suspicion had fallen, was examined before a magistrate, where he acknowledged, that having been inebriated, probably in his sleep he had dashed down the candle.—As there was no witness to the contrary, and as the damages laid were not for half the actual loss, he was suffered to escape: nor had he the modesty to take a lodging for himself, but, with his usual effrontery, took up his quarters in the house with his wife, who, as is before observed, was the only protection he had from his creditors.

His scheme, in extorting the annuity of Cinthelia, was to quit the country with the whole sum, and leave his family to the protection of *Providence*: but frustrated in this, by the unusual firmness of his wife, whom he had expected to overcome by terror, and would, beyond doubt, have succeeded, had not the accident intervened, he resolved now to live as usual, free of expence, and in addition, every quarter day, to extort from her the money she received.



## CHAP. VIII.

THIS sudden and unlooked for calamity, which reduced Mr. Hendon to poverty, and seemed to cast his daughter on the world, seized upon his spirits, with a force all the power of reason could not overcome.—He compared himself to Job, to whom one misfortune was only the introduction to another; but wanting the patience of the Patriarch, he suffered every hope to be extinguished, and daily made rapid advances to the grave.

The mind of Cinthelia was held in the greatest suspense, and so many duties called upon her attention, that the evils of the day were employment sufficient, without.

without looking forward to the morrow. Her husband, in place of consoling her, under the illness of her father, accepted it as a further licence, and when the first quarter day arrived, by force extorted more than half her receipt, though her expences were so much increased by the wants of her father.

Mr. Hendon was shortly after confined to his bed, where his daughter, nearly heart-broken, waited upon him, dreading his death as the loss of the only counsellor to whom she could unbosom her griefs—as the only protector who would shield her in extremity. On the bed of death, and with a dying voice, Hendon attempted more than once to influence Mobile to reform; but whenever he started the subject, the latter took his hat and walked out. “Can you forgive me, my daughter,” said he, for “ever having influenced you to marry such a monster? Alas! how ought  
“ parents

“parents to conduct themselves on  
“an occasion so important, which is  
“through life to fix the fate of their  
“children!”

In complaints like these, the unhappy Hendon passed his hours; sometimes shedding tears in concert with his daughter, over her children, who were yet unconscious of the misery prepared them, endeavouring to divert the sorrow they did not understand, by infantine gambols and innocent caresses.

Though the disease of Mr. Hendon was lingering, it was certain, and in less than two months he expired, in the arms of his daughter and the woman of the house, who on this occasion acted a very friendly part, taking upon herself the directions, which the grief of Cinthelia could not support.

Mr. Hervey had called once during  
his



his illness, but having been affronted by the insolence of Mobile, he refrained repeating the visit, though he lamented the situation of Cinthelia. To Mr. Brinton he wrote an account of her distress, receiving in answer a note of fifty pounds, with a desire, that farther particulars might be sent to himself; but by no means to drop a hint to Mr. Ranson, as his health might be again shaken to the ground.

This fifty pounds Hervey enclosed in a blank, not chusing himself to appear, lest her delicacy should refuse its acceptance. Mobile was at home when the girl brought it in; and no letters ever being sent to Cinthelia, he took it of course, when seeing the address to his wife, "Here, madam," said he, "is a letter, no doubt from some tender friend." Cinthelia blushed; but conscious of innocence, she remained silent while he broke it open; when seeing only

only the note, he turned it round and round, till convinced of its identity.—

“Hem,” said he, “this is one of the  
“most eloquent letters ever I read—I  
“desire you’ll encourage the corres-  
“pondence.—How many of these *billet*  
“*doux* have you had?”

“Never any,” replied she, with some  
little earnestness: “nor can I think who  
“has sent this, unless Mr. Hervey in-  
“tended it to defray my dear father’s  
“funeral.”

“Let the dead bury their dead,” cried  
he, putting the note in his pocket—  
“There’s scripture for you, my sweeting.  
“Burn it, who says I can’t quote Bible.  
“If Hervey calls again, I desire you  
“make him welcome.—What a sap was  
“I to affront him. Only mind—I shall  
“expect a little civility,” (tapping the  
palm of his left hand with the fore finger  
of his right.

“Are

“Are your insinuations just, sir?” cried Cinthelia—“Cannot the presence of the dead inspire you with better principles?”

“D’ye mean to scold, madam!” bawled he, “or d’ye think I’m so little acquainted with life, that I don’t know what men mean when they send bank notes to handsome women! So what signifies smuggling—own it at once, and I’ll give you a kiss, pretty? I’m no informer.”

“I am superior to your insinuations,” said she, indignantly—“I despise them as much as their author! Your own conscience must testify against you.”

“I have not, at present,” replied he, “any time to enter into the question, or hear its testimony; so mind, if Hervey comes, you entertain him.—I shall be out till after twelve.”

The



The word—wretch, was rising to the tongue of the injured Cinthelia, but checking her anger, as her eye glanced towards the bed, where the corpse of her father lay, she burst into tears, and Mobile, whistling a tune, quitted the room.

It is certain, that though Mobile was satisfied his wife was strictly virtuous, he yet, judging from himself, and the general practice of the world, strongly suspected that Hervey had a design upon her, which many incidents concurred to countenance. His general character he considered as a cloak—Was he not a bachelor, and had he not had an affair with a girl of the town, whom he had kept in the country? and, in short, convinced by this train of reasoning that his conclusions were just, though he did not expect so large a premium as from Sir Charles, he resolved to make the most he could, and in that determination, having  
primed

primed himself with some glasses of brandy, he went from the tavern to Mr. Hervey's house.

He was received by the sister of that gentleman, her brother not being within, with a coolness she did not attempt to conceal; and finding he proposed waiting, she conducted him into a parlour, where she entered into the praises of his wife, severely condemning his conduct towards her. He endeavoured to appear unconcerned, by lolling in his chair, and looking round at the different ornaments. While thus employed, a letter was brought for Mr. Hervey, and as his sister had not the privilege of opening his letters in his absence, it was thrown carelessly on the table, discovering to Mobile the writing of his wife, which confirmed him, beyond doubt, in the suspicion he had adopted.

He

He waited with impatience the return of Hervey, who no sooner entered, than he desired to speak with him alone.

"I dare say," said Hervey, "your business is not of such a nature as to be improper for the ear of my sister; therefore proceed, if you please."

"Aye, but it is," replied Mobile, winking sagaciously; "it is about my wife; and at present I do not choose to speak to half the town."

"Infinuations from you," answered Hervey, "are of no force: but if you bring any message from your wife, I shall pass over your strange behaviour."

Miss Hervey now left the room, and her brother demanded what he had to say.

"What



“What I have to say is this,” answered Mobile: “That I have detected your intentions on my wife, and shall expect to be paid for my silence; for, let me tell you, some people would think of Westminster Hall, and large damages, especially as my wife is so handsome; but I am a peaceable man, and don’t mind hushing matters up.”

He had been allowed to proceed hitherto by the silent astonishment of Hervey, which he mistook for guilt, but recovering his surprize—“Wretch!” said he, “who do you take me for—a Sir Charles Higham, or a brother to the devil!—But pray explain your meaning a little, and tell me if you intend to sell your wife?”

Mobile, a little encouraged at this, concluded the former part of the speech was merely to gain some concession, replying, “That he did not absolutely intend

"tend to sell her, but that he thought  
"fifty pounds were rather too little, when  
"Sir Charles had offered five thousand!"

"I am glad," replied Hervey, "I now  
"know the purport of your infamous  
"intentions; but they are as villainous  
"as they are false; and I regret that I  
"have not the power to punish you as  
"your deeds deserve! — Begone! fly  
"from my house, and never dare again  
"to enter it—your breath will contami-  
"nate the air!"

"D—d fine this!" cried Mobile, with  
a sneer; "but you did not send fifty  
"pounds this morning, nor that letter  
"ayn't from my wife? Come, Hervey,  
"lay aside your hypocrisy, and do the  
"thing genteelly, for you see it's all out  
"with you."

"For your wife's sake," replied Her-  
vey, "I descend to answer you—"Twas  
"Mr.

“ Mr. Brianton, and not I, who sent the  
“ fifty pounds.” Then taking up the  
letter, which he had not opened, he first  
glanced his eye over it, and then delivered it to Mobile, who, to his confusion and vexation, found it a letter of thanks for the note he had sent, and an entreaty that he would never again repeat it, or, indeed, any way trouble himself with her misfortunes, as it served only to render her subject to the most odious suspicion, without producing the intended benefit.

Finding himself thus deceived, he flunk away from the reproaches of Herve, and, to banish his disappointment, hastened to a billiard table, where, after various shifts of fortune, the fifty pounds were left behind him, and he returned home, to wreck his vengeance on the furniture, smashing a chair, and dashing his head against a looking glass.

Cinthelia



Cinthelia easily conjectured, from this frantic fally, the fate of the fifty pounds; and finding him in an humour, too high for reason, she sat down in a corner, with an handkerchief to her eyes.

“How now!” cried Mobile, advancing towards her—“What’s all this whimpering about? It’s I that have a right to complain.—Instead, here, of receiving a fortune at your father’s death, I have you and your brats yelping about me! Where’s that ten pounds you had this morning?”

“It is all I have to provide for every thing,” replied she; “and sure the fifty pound is enough for you.”

“Rot you!” cried he, clenching his fist, “I’ll dash ye to the floor, if you fling that in my teeth! I tell ye ’tis gone, every farthing, gone to the devil!”

“vill!” Then seizing her arm, with a frightful grin, he had her deliver up the ten pounds.

“I beg!” cried Cinthelia, gasping for breath—“Only consider, dear Mr. Mobile ———.” — “I consider nothing—I won’t be turned off, as when I wanted you to sign! Give me the note?”

“My children —!” — “Damn them!” vociferated he, giving her a blow over the head—“What d’ye tell me of your bastards! Give me the note?”

Cinthelia, trembling, durst not reply, but delivered him the note.

To say truth, she was so confounded, that her senses seemed to whirl, and she expected his intention was to murder her: hitherto he had never ventured

tured to strike her, but now, unchecked by the presence of her father, he gave lose to every passion he durst display.

The blow rankled in the mind of Cinthelia more than an hundred reproaches; it seemed to annihilate every particle of remaining freedom, and excited her to hatred. Had he ventured to take such a liberty, in the days of her prosperity, 'tis probable she would have resented it with becoming spirit, and preferred every hardship to his presence; but the succession of repeated calamity, and the many outrages he had acted, destroyed in her the energy of resistance, and fitted her to endure almost any indignity. — As soon as he departed, she gave way to a passionate flood of tears; she lamented with and over her children, and seemed rising to actual frenzy; but by degrees the storm subsided, and fear



fear took its place:—she trembled at the thoughts of Mobile's return, now dreading his presence as the greatest evil.

## CHAP. IX.

**AFTER** the funeral of her father she seemed deserted by all the world, neither friend nor acquaintance calling to see if she was amongst the living.—Mr. Hervey, indeed, made frequent inquiries, but never ventured himself, as he feared his presence would be rather a prejudice, from the evil suspicions of her husband; nor did he offer to send any supply, which served only to feed the extravagance of Mobile.

Thus enslaved to a pusillanimous tyrant, Cinthelia spent her days.—His will was her law; for what was neither required by duty, nor affection, was extorted by fear.—Having one adopted the

practice of striking, any little cross was a sufficient incitement; so that had she been unencumbered with children, she would with pleasure have exchanged her slavery for death.

Her annuity he regularly extorted, reducing her to the necessity of taking in plain-work, that she might not actually starve. Thus many a night, while he was enjoying the pleasures of a drinking club, or tossing away guineas at a gaming-table, did she labour, by the solitary light of a miserable penny candle, till her fingers became numb, and her eyes were weighed down by sleep: the passing step of the foot passenger was not attended to with pleasing expectation, as announcing the return of the man she valued, but listened to with dread, lest it should be the savage returning, and a sense of joy crossed her bosom, when it passed away. But when he actually returned, with a fluttering heart, and trembling hand, she



she opened the door, waiting upon him with the fervility of a servant.—Not seldom she fasted herself, to preserve her dinner for his supper, in hopes to escape his anger; and while he eat, she watched his eye, attentive to his wants; yet was her attention insufficient to pacify him, as the more she stooped, the more she had to suffer; and if the different articles provided were not to his liking, though procured by the labour of her hands, he swore that her brats should be put to the parish, to save the expence of their keeping.

Little Sophia being seized with the measles, incroached upon the time allotted to labour, and she found herself unable to provide necessities: her rent she always secured before hand, the day her money was paid; but the apothecary's bill amounted to a sum beyond her slender finances.—To ask assistance from Mobile was useless, and indeed she fear-

ed it might lead him to execute his threat of sending them away; the only expedient, therefore, she had remaining, was to pawn some trifles of her father's, which she did with reluctance, and such apparent confusion, that the man, suspecting her honesty, questioned her very closely, at the same time offering her considerably under the usual sum he gave on similar articles.

As Cinthelia was returning, very disconsolate at her situation, she passed by a pastry-cook's shop, and having promised her little girl a tart, she stopped to buy one, but was struck with horror at the sight of her husband, in the shop, treating a woman (not of the most modest appearance) with any thing she fancied. Cinthelia was too full to speak; but with a mind oppressed, she returned silently home, a tear now and then stealing from her eye.—To see herself, who, without flattery, was every way infinitely

ly superior, neglected and ill treated, while his attentions were placed upon an abandoned woman—to be left in all the distress of poverty, while he squandered her money in superfluities, on a wretch, who only flattered him for the value of his purse, was indeed too much, even for Cinthelia to bear with patience. For several weeks she had scarcely tasted meat, living upon tea and bread and butter, that she might provide a supper for him; yet he lavished his money abroad, and came home to devour the pittance her labour provided.

It is not to be supposed that the produce of his clerkship, or what he extorted from Cinthelia, equalled his expences—No: taverns, night cellars, and ladies of pleasure, are not to be supported with an income of less than two hundred a year—and his deficiencies were supplied by the resource of gaming; for though not the most skilful himself, yet, by



betting and leaguings with the knowing ones, he often took in a flat, to a considerable amount; at the same time, when he played on the square, he generally contrived to lose all he had at the time about him.

Whatever was his good fortune, Cinthelia was never a sharer, though, when chance ran against him, he assumed a double portion of malignity: his repeated ill-treatment had nearly rendered Cinthelia indifferent to her fate, as it destroyed her spirit, and embittered every moment of life. 'Tis probable, that with all her fine sense, had she not been interested in her children, she would have become wholly careless of the morrow, and, while misery was approaching, smile at its advances.

Her spirits had been so damped, by the encounter at the pastry cook's, that she alternately laughed and cried, sometimes

times sitting down in a fit of musing, and then hastily rising, she traversed the room. To calm this perturbation, she treated herself with a little wine, whose soothing powers blunted the poignancy of her feelings. To one in her situation the remedy was extremely dangerous, and required all her fortitude, piety, and prudence, and to make it a frequent resource.

Little Harry, who was now a fine boy of six years, endeavoured to comfort her by assurances, that when he grew bigger, he would work, aye, and hard too, to buy victuals for her and his pretty blue-eyed sister; and then, mamma, we'll live by ourselves, and naughty Pa shan't come near us, shall he, Soph?

"Hush, my love," said Cinthelia, "you must not call him naughty, he's your father."

“ Aye, but you said he was naught-  
“ ty; and you know I must speak the  
“ truth.”

A flood of tears relieved the heart of Cinthelia, who was affected by the prattle of her children. Having put them to bed, she reflected, that as Mobile extorted from her nearly all the money as she received it, and also boarded upon her, she should be eased of a burden, if he would leave her to herself; and the hundred pounds being a constant source of contention, she hoped, that were it fold, he would leave her, as not worthy his farther attention.

She had no friend, with whom to advise, or to fly to, and she hoped, if left to herself, by industry and frugality to procure food and raiment, while her unemployed minutes might be dedicated to giving her children such instructions

as



as her own education qualified her to bestow.

From this dream, which was the first she had indulged for many tedious months, she was aroused by the return of her husband, in his usual ill-humour, who not having any thing with which he could justly find fault, again brought up the annuity, more as a subject to harp upon, than with any expectation she would consent to sell it; he was therefore pleasingly surprised, when she told him it should be his, and the only favour she expected in return was, that as he could not provide for his children he would leave them to Providence, and seek some other place where the tie of a wife would be no check to his pleasures.

The following day, she accompanied him to sell the annuity, which when he had pocketed, he generously gave her a shilling

ling to procure a coach home, telling her he would send a note, where she should direct his clothes: in hopes that he might be in earnest, she hastened home, and the same afternoon began to pack them up, and to lay out to herself a plan of future subsistence. He did not return that night, which confirmed her expectation, that he would not again come back, and as he remained away three days, that expectation began to settle into certainty.

The quiet she enjoyed, during this short respite, began to tranquillize her mind, and she pursued the labours of the needle with increased assiduity; but her troubles were not yet to see a period, and the present calm was as fallacious as it was pleasing.

She had been busily employed through the day in finishing a dress, which was to go home in the morning, and had taken no other nourishment than a little tea; when,

when, having executed her task, and finding herself very much fatigued, she proposed to treat herself and her children with a mutton chop, which she was cooking, with them dancing round her, when a loud rapping at the door threw her into universal confusion, and nearly fainting with apprehension, she listened to hear who it was, dreading lest Mobile should be returned.

It was indeed himself, but so disfigured with dirt, and a dress half regimental, that Cinthelia had some difficulty to certify his identity; but the torrents of abuse that flowed from his tongue soon left her no room to doubt.—He was so intoxicated, that what he said was nearly unintelligible, and when brought into the room, he fell down with a thundering lump, where he lay some time. The strangeness of his appearance confounded Cinthelia, and deprived her of her active power :



power: the mutton chop would have been lost, had not the woman of the house taken it off; and after some little persuasions Cinthelia took a part, though her heart was so full, that every morsel nearly choked her—She found it impossible to conjecture what had happened, unless he had been robbed, and those clothes given in exchange for his own—and by some scars on his face, he appeared to have been fighting. It was nothing new to see him in a state of brutal drunkenness, and therefore she suffered him to lay where he had fallen. She had not eaten many mouthfuls before Mobile turned himself round on one elbow, and waving the other arm—

“ I, I tell ye,” cried he, “ I’m a  
“ ge, gentle--man. — I’m one of his  
“ ma, ma--jesty’s servants, and de, (hic-  
“ cup), damme, care for no man! —  
“ I’m a ge, gentleman — Harry Mo-  
“ bile—

“bile — and so ye, ye, ye may go to  
“bed!”

From this incoherent speech, the apprehended that he had insisted, though with what motive she could not possibly conjecture. This was indeed the case; for having received the amount of the annuity, he hastened to take a passage, as he had intended, for the West Indies, but happening to meet a lady of a good-natured disposition, with whom he was acquainted, he could not refuse her invitations to supper; and here let me observe, that many men are led into those snares, by the smiles and endeavours to please, which are made the study of these women, and which the generality of wives think unworthy practice. — A regular performance of duty ranks a woman with the first class of married women; she forgets to study those graces which first gained the heart, and by which alone

she can retain the affections of her husband.

Endearing thus the common acts of life,

The mistress still shall charm him in the wife.

DODSLEY'S Collections.

The lady easily discovered the strength of his pocket, and, by the aid of a *flask man*, contrived to strip him, not only of his money, but part of his clothes; and that they might make the most of him, he was carried to an house of rendezvous, the carrier receiving three guineas, as the price of a *skin*. In this state of complete inebriety, he was insisted; nor was he suffered to recover his senses till he had been sworn, which ceremony was performed without his knowing any thing of it, being supported between two, while the worthy magistrate administered the oath of allegiance to his lord the king.

He was then arrayed in the ensigns of heroism,



heroism, and his brain permitted to cool he was at first outrageous at the trick played him, but knowing that nothing was more common, and that redress was not in his power, he reflected, that having lost his character, he was completely unfitted for civil society, and contented himself with observing it might have been worse. *where I was to America, where I was to take a voyage to America,*

As the regiment, of which he was now a member, was shortly to sail for America, he reflected that Cinthelia would be an useful companion, as, by the example of a camp, or the hardships she must endure, she might become fitted for his purpose, and prove a little mine of wealth, for, he made no doubt, the beauty of her person would captivate some colonel.

Having obtained leave to visit his wife, he had intoxicated himself, drinking success to his plan, which had reduced him

to:

to the state we have already seen, and in which condition he was allowed to remain till the morning. Sleep having evaporated the fumes of the liquor, though his head remained giddy, he assumed his usual authority in ordering breakfast, which he had no sooner finished, than he began with inquiring if she was ready to take a voyage to America, where he was going very shortly.

"I am sorry for it," replied Cinthelia; "but my company is not so pleasant to you here, that you should require it till beyond the sea."

"No compliments, my dear," said he, laughing; "you said you would take me for better and for worse: the best is gone, and now I claim the latter part of the compact."

"But," replied she, in the same tone; between jest and earnest, "you know, sir,

" and

“ and your conscience shall be my judge,  
“ if you have in all things kept the mar-  
“ riage vow.”

“ Can you prove that I have not?”

“ Certainly.—Do you call it loving  
“ me, to want to dispose of me to an-  
“ other—is it cherishing me, to extort  
“ from me every shilling you could?”

“ Well,” said he, lolling on the table,  
and looking in her face, “ but have I  
“ not cleaved unto you? Aye, here I  
“ am, though a common soldier.”

“ That, sir, is not the acceptance:  
“ even here you have wronged me; and  
“ truly, I think that those who shared  
“ your hours of riot, should be your  
“ companions in the day of repentance;  
“ for, assuredly, now you have entered  
“ a school, which will teach you what  
“ you seem not to know.”

“ Very



"Very good—"Pon my honour, you  
 "are an admirable creature, and I shall  
 "be blessed with your company."—  
 "Indeed will you not?"—"Seriously?"  
 "Yes, sir, seriously. I would this mo-  
 "ment rather die than quit the country  
 "with the you!"

"I see, then," said he, indifferently,  
 (for he was not wanting in cunning when  
 he had a point to carry), "I must pro-  
 "vide another nurse for my children—I  
 "intend Harry to learn the art of war in  
 "a camp."

"I cannot suppose," replied she, stea-  
 dily, "that you intend any thing more  
 "than to frighten me, as you will hardly  
 "need the incumbrance of children in a  
 "campaign; beside, your pay, I fancy,  
 "will not allow you to maintain them?"

"You fancy very wrong then, let me  
 "tell ye; and let me also tell you, that  
 "you

"you or they go—one or the other, by  
 "heaven! so determine which you will,  
 "and quickly too—it's the same thing  
 "to me; only I shall know the value of  
 "your fine pretences, if you choose to  
 "stay, exposed to all your lovers.—  
 "You may blush, if you please; but I'm  
 "not to be taken in that way, let me tell  
 "ye.—There's Hervey and Ned Ramson  
 "only wait to see me shovelled up  
 "to ——" ——"Horrid!" exclaimed  
 Cinthelia.—"But it's true, tho'," said  
 he, raising his voice, "and I'll swear to  
 "it! Were it not so, you would not  
 "have all these trifling objections to  
 "make."

"Trifling do you call them," said  
 she, wiping away a tear—"Is it a trifle  
 "to be exposed to all the distresses of  
 "war? And of what service can I possi-  
 "bly be? I'm not strong enough to un-  
 "dergo the fatigue of a single march—it  
 "would certainly kill me."

"Kill

“ Kill a fiddlestick!—ha, ha, ha, wo-  
 “ men are not so easily killed—they’re  
 “ a dev’lish tough kind of ware, let me  
 “ tell ye. But answer me this—Do you  
 “ think a woman who loved her hus-  
 “ band would refuse? You don’t an-  
 “ swer, so it’s plain we are upon squares.  
 “ You know you promised to love me,  
 “ and now I’ll prove that you first broke  
 “ the contract; for devil burn me, if I  
 “ think you loved me at the very time  
 “ you promised it! But that’s not to the  
 “ purpose; give me your determina-  
 “ tion—Will you, or will you not  
 “ go?”

“ I have told you already I will not  
 “ go—I would sooner beg my bread  
 “ through the streets, with my chil-  
 “ dren.”

“ Very well, madam; but your chil-  
 “ dren shall go with me; and so I de-  
 “ fire you begin this morning to put  
 “ their



"their things in order!" Then starting up in a fury, and muttering some oaths between his teeth, he stalked out of the room.

## CHAP. X.

## CHAP.

"their things in order!" Then, flaring up in a fury, and muttering some words between his teeth, he stalked out of the room.

## CHAP. X.

THIS new and unexpected misfortune so far exceeded all she had hitherto endured, that it confounded her, as it were, with its over pressure, and she knew not what to resolve, nor what to perform: if she fled, to where could she fly, that his authority would not reach? and she knew him too well, to suppose he had uttered threats without a meaning.

Several schemes occurred to her, as she washed up the breakfast things, but on none could she fix without objection. She had not finished her employ when Mobile returned, whose appearance was no way favourable; and full as she was

of the opinion, that he was returned to carry off her children, she uttered a cry of the greatest distress, entreating them to spare her, at the same time the children fled to her arms for shelter, little Harry crying that he would not leave his mamma.

"You'll reckon how much these goods are worth, Mr. —" said Mobile, "and then I shall see whether you shall have them or another—You see, my dear, (turning to his wife) I have learnt the first military maxim, dispatch."

A stare of astonishment was the only reply Cinthelia could make, till observing the men take an inventory of the furniture, she faltering inquired what he meant:—

"Why my dear," said he, nodding, "we're going abroad, you know, and all this lumber would be useless in the  
" tail



“tail of a camp; so these gentlemen are  
“only valuing the things, my dear, as  
“we agreed, you know.”

“And do you then intend, indeed, to  
“leave me wholly destitute? but surely  
“you cannot sell the things that were  
“my father’s?”

“Don’t fret, my sweeting,” cried Mobile  
in a tantalizing tone, “I don’t intend to  
“leave you; and you know what’s your’s  
“is mine! How much do you think you  
“shall make of them, Mr. —? There’s  
“that bed, (we don’t use hurricane  
“houses in a camp) it’s tolerably good, I  
“believe—What dy’e think it’s worth?”

“Ungrateful —,” cried Cinthelia,  
scarce able to speak for tears—“this  
“is indeed too much —!” — “Poor  
“thing,” replied he, “’tis hard indeed;  
“but the chances of war may make us a  
“little better in circumstances; and you  
“know

“ know you had no fortune: besides,  
“ am I not going to run all the hazards  
“ of war for your sake; and let the  
“ worst happen, I can but stop a ball.”

In this manner Mobile aggravated his behaviour, while it prevented any interruption, as the brokers scarcely knew whether to proceed several times; but thinking the grief of Cinthelia principally arising from the necessity of going abroad, they finished their valuation, and departed for a cart to convey them away.

During their absence Cinthelia attempted to reason him from his project, but neither arguments nor tears would avail; even the favour of leaving her and the children behind, plundered, and alone, he would not grant, vowing that if she would not accompany him they should.

The grief that seized the mind of the unfortunate Cinthelia nearly amounted to distraction; she saw inevitable misery before her, but she saw no outlet to escape: alone, indeed, she might have remained behind, but could she selfishly desert her children, to all the horrors of war and all the negligences of a camp. She could not possibly surmise the intentions of Mobile in taking them, unless it was merely a malicious device to torment her, or perhaps, by exposing them to danger, free himself from their incumbrance. She was now literally destitute, and she shrunk from the horrors of a situation so exposed to the temptations of vice, the machinations of the licentious, the finger of calumny, and the hardships of poverty. She knew too well, that a female, handsome, poor, and alone, is like a pillar erected in the ocean, where every wave combines, by washing away its foundation, by rushing against its sides, or hurling over its head



head all the horrors of tempestial fury, to dash it down, and bury it in the sands.

Had she loved her husband, half the horrors in prospect would have faded away, and had he been reduced by unavoidable misfortune, she would have attended him with alacrity; but at present it was merely a choice of evils, so exactly equipoised, that deliberation could not ocellate the beam, and like a man, overtaken by a calamity no forefight could award or rebut, she resigned herself to the guidance of contingency, and the protection of that power she was taught to believe never deserted the humble and meek. A transient calm succeeded this perturbation in the mind of Cinthelia, resulting from the consciousness of performing all that the most rigid duty could require.

Mobile having dispatched his business  
K 2 with

with the brokers, was permitted to reserve the bed for a few days, till he should be ready to quit the town; and as he was now no longer his own master, he could not affix a time, being obliged to appear at the place of muster. He did not find his new employ altogether pleasant: to a man used to follow every whim that started in his ill-formed brain, it was rather unpleasant, to wheel about to any part of the compass, at the command of a drill sergeant, who had been a scavenger, nor had honour a charm sufficient to lull fear into silence. He had contrived, by selling every thing, to raise a few hundreds which would undoubtedly have been sunk in the gaming table, or dissipated in debauchery, had he not fortunately met with an invalid captain, who wished to dispose of a commission, he must otherwise have shortly delivered up to the grand commander, Death; and it being all on which he had to subsist a family, he was willing to  
take

take what he could, if he could find a purchaser.

As Mobile was a scholar, and superior to the general herd of dustmen, labourers, and vagabonds, who compose the mass of an army, there was no objection to his promotion, and the title of captain sounding pleasant to his ears, he saw nothing better for the occupation of his money: 'tis true, he might have purchased his discharge, but he was so involved in the world, that he could never hope to clear himself: he had more than once received a threat of dismissal from the office; and, above all, he feared the return of Sir Charles from the continent, who was shortly expected. Thus to remain in England was to inclose himself in a prison; whereas war offered, at least, a respite, and the manners of a camp struck his fancy, as peculiarly congenial to his own.



In a few days the regiment was ordered to Southampton, from thence to embark for America. Her acquiescence in his imperious demand had in some degree softened him, and, with unusual generosity, he gave her five guineas, to provide a few necessaries. This sum, which was to equip her with camp equipage, it is almost needless to say, was chiefly spent upon her children. She had no friends who required her adieus, nor any tie, to render parting more sad than what the prospect naturally offered, yet she could not quit London without a sigh, nor depart without a tear.

Her husband had marched with his regiment, leaving her to the conveyance of the stage; and, to say truth, when thus left behind, had she known one single person, to whom she could with propriety have fled, she certainly would.—The morning was dark and rainy, and to save a shilling, she had led her children

dren through the wet, with the bitter reflection, that this was nothing, in comparison of the pending suffering: cold and wet, they took their places in the stage, which was crowded with passengers, going to join the army, or take a last farewell of their relations. For some time she was too much absorbed in grief (though that grief was inward and silent) to observe her fellow passengers, consisting of a sergeant's wife, who had undergone the fatigues of a West India station, and, in compliance with the usual vanity of her sex, delighted in recounting the hardships she had shared, while she laughed at the want of experience in others. Her neighbour was a little finical colonel, worn down in service to a mere shade, though that service was not of Mars, but Venus, the greatest campaign he had ever yet seen being a grand field day at Coxheath camp: he had, indeed, been invited to put on the credentials of courage, by observing how

the rays of a scarlet coat brightened the eyes of the ladies; and, to say truth, not being deficient in courage, he formed a singular contrast. Next to Cinthelia sat a tall, hard featured man, whose countenance was tinged with the sun of various climes, and contracted an hardness of expression, the insignia of suffering: his dress was rather worse for wear, but without an hole, and his stockings and shirt were, by frequent washing, converted from white to yellow; his eye-brows, which projected like huge bushes, bending down to his cheek bones, concealed beneath them two dark eyes, which, from behind the barrier, observed with keenness every surrounding object: he preserved a profound silence few incidents could interrupt; and which, Colonel Owen remarked, must proceed from his being accustomed to act with deliberation in the field of battle.

“A field of battle,” said Mrs. Tanjore,



jore, " is a very good place to learn  
" silence; for now, in my time, I've seen  
" many a brave lad, that would swear  
" you ten dozen of oaths in a minute,  
" laid as mute as a mackarel, in the  
" drawing of a trigger!"

" Horrid! barbarous!" exclaimed the  
Colonel; " how can you shock me with  
" such a subject! But I declare the wo-  
" men have changed sex."

" And not without good reason, split  
" me!" cried she, eyeing him with a  
sneer:—" you would not have the  
" world peopled with women, would ye,  
" colonel? I may say that I will say, I  
" have seen more service than half the  
" commanders on the parade—no of-  
" fence, I hope, colonel—But when one  
" has waded ankle deep in blood, and  
" seen the fluttering hearts of a thousand  
" brave fellows, jumping for all the  
" world like flounders in a frying pan—  
" why

“ why no offence, I hope—but it naturally makes one a little vain.”

Cinthelia was extremely shocked at this speech, which afforded her a specimen of camp conversation; nor did the features of the the Colonel express less abhorrence — “ I profess,” replied he, “ you are a very strange person, and, “ really, I should not wonder if you entered the ranks yourself, for you seem “ capable.”

“ Aye, d—n me, am I !” — vociferated she, clencing her fist at the idea — “ None “ of your chicken-hearted fiddle faddles “ for Bet Tanjore ! What, though I am “ but a sergeant’s wife, a sergeant is a gentleman—no offence, I hope—but this I “ know, if half the officers had fought as “ well as I, why the French rats had been “ carbonaded.—I remember, at the battle “ of the Woods, I took a freak in my “ head, and blow me to atoms if I don’t “ go

“ go through with a thing when I sets  
“ about it! I knew of the party, and  
“ what does I do but clap on the clothes  
“ of one of the men as laid sick of the  
“ gripes, and flinging brown besfs over  
“ my shoullder, away trooped I with the  
“ rest of the party; well, up we comed  
“ to a village of savages, as had sup-  
“ plied the French bastards, pop we falls  
“ upon them, cut and slash was the word,  
“ and down we fliced them: the poor  
“ *neger* devils made little resistance, and  
“ so we set the town in a blaze about  
“ their ears, and carrying away all their  
“ gut ammunition, we reached camp in  
“ triumph another time!”

“ For the mercy of heaven,” cried the  
Colonel, “ stop your mouth! for, ’pon  
“ my honour, you’re a woman of in-  
“ verted sentiments, or you would not  
“ tell such horrid things. I don’t mind  
“ fighting myself any more than another,  
“ in a genteel way, but this is shocking;  
“ downright



“ downright butchery ! O—h ! quite  
“ beastly—don’t you think it is, Major ? ”

The Major returned no reply, being engaged with the little boy, who stood beneath his knees, attempting to pull his buttons, while the Major snapped at him with his mouth, thus diverting himself and the child. This ridiculous employ excited the astonishment of the Colonel as much as the ferocity of his female companion ; and now, for the first time, remarking the beautiful outline of Cinthelia’s person and features, he inquired if she was going as far as Southampton.

She acquainted him, that she feared her destination was far beyond that place, her husband belonging to — regiment.

“ Well, well,” said he, smiling upon her, “ if all your grief is on this account,  
“ I will

“ I will give him his discharge, on proper consideration.”

Cinthelia thanked him for this proffered kindness, informing him that her husband was not a private, and that her principal grief was the danger her children would be exposed to.

“ O, if that’s the case,” said he, “ I’ll see them taken care of, depend on it— you may rely on my friendship.”

Being now arrived at Staines, they entered the breakfast room, where the Colonel employed himself before the glass, arranging the depredations he had suffered by the journey, while the Major, with great gravity, sat down in the window, and borrowing a needle and thread from the servant, deliberately began to mend a hole in his glove.

“ Permit me, sir,” said Cinthelia—

“ I fancy

“ I fancy I am more accustomed to this  
“ sort of employ ?”

“ Why, Major,” said the Colonel,  
jeeringly, “ you must be woundedly in  
“ love with steel, to make use of it from  
“ the sword to the needle.”

“ May I be ripped up alive,” cried  
the amazon, “ but I think the Major (no  
“ offence, I hope,) “ is more afraid of  
“ being wounded by the needle than the  
“ sword ; for, burn me, if I have not seen  
“ him fighting in fire and smoke, bayo-  
“ net breast high, without using a shield,  
“ and now, you see, he covers his finger  
“ with a thimble !”

The Major composedly continued his  
employ, declining Cinthelia's offered  
assistance, with observing, he had been  
tossed about too long in the world to be  
ashamed of mending his glove, and that  
the



the greatest shame was, that men were too proud to contribute to their own convenience.

A few more characteristic fallies, during their journey, contributed to shorten the way, and would have been entertaining to Cinthelia, had she been uninterested; but she was shocked at the prospect of having for companions, in a foreign country, women who were a disgrace to their own, the sergeant's wife being a compound of the vices of both sexes; and though her tongue was restrained within bounds, by the presence of her superiors, it often made an effort to regain its liberty. What surprised Cinthelia in her most, was, that while she related actions, manifesting an uncontrollable spirit, she interlarded it with—*no offence, I hope*, which arose merely from the subordination of military discipline.

Being

Being arrived at Southampton, after a fatiguing journey, she rejoiced at the prospect of retiring to a room in an Inn, in hopes of recruiting herself by repose; but now she was to see the first specimen of military confusion: every place was crowded by soldiers, the town exhibiting the appearance of a barrack; many were come to take a last leave of their relations, doomed to a foreign grave, and distress and bustle met the eye at every turn.

After much difficulty, and through the kindness of Major Watson, the taciturnian traveller, she was at length accommodated with part of a room, where, on a mattress spread upon the floor, and covered with a blanket, this daughter of misfortune was fain to lay down with her children, in hopes of acquiring strength to support the undertaking before her; but fatigued, and worn out as  
she

she was, the unusual scene prevented her from closing her eyes; the gate of the Inn creaked all night on its hinges, the wind rattled through a broken pane of glass, and fifty noises succeeded to distract her.

The next morning was not at all more pleasant, as she had now leisure to contemplate the variations of distress.—Wives, mothers, and lovers, with melancholy features and streaming eyes, were walking either alone, or with their several relations; nor was there any of that alacrity she had read of in the town newspapers in the soldiers about to depart; the greatest number exhibiting every token of dejection, and the remainder were deprived of reflection by the power of liquor.

Cinthelia was standing at the gate of the Inn, in hopes that the air might relieve her head-ache, when a young woman,  
man,



man, in a very mean dress, and irregular features, but which expressed the greatest grief, came up, and entreated to know if Colonel Owen lodged at the Inn—"My poor dear husband," said she, "is enlisted, and we must all starve—Oh! madam, I am sure and certain he would not have done it himself."—"How do you mean?" inquired Cinthelia, "nobody could do it for him."

"O, dear ma'am, he was kidnapped by a Captain Mobile and Sergeant Tanjore, who swore him to be a deserter, and frightening him with saying he would be flogged and shot, got him to enlist, which they call *making a skin*."

Cinthelia was extremely shocked at this description, especially on finding the part her husband had taken, and directing the woman to the Colonel, she left her.—The Colonel hearing her story, but not

not being struck with her features, told her, coldly, he would consider it, but his majesty must have men; however, she might depend upon *his honour* to see that nothing illegal took place, and having dismissed her, never thought again on the subject.

Indeed there is only one excuse allowable for this abuse of power, which is the multiplicity of applications, to attend to which would require all the time of a commander: beside, the abominable methods used by scoundrels in the army to procure men, whom they defraud of the bounty allowed by government, would, if redressed, reduce the army to half its size. A recruiting sergeant is frequently no other than a dealer in human flesh, and, indeed, it is too well known in the army what is meant by *buying and selling skins*.

While Cinthelia stood at the gate, deeply reflecting

reflecting on the passing objects, which so powerfully claimed her compassion, that much of her own immediate distress was absorbed in general calamity, and silently asked the question, Who and for what is all this? Mobile came up to her for the first time: his figure was squalid, his eyes heavy, and though it was so early in the morning, he had been swallowing oblivion. It was with him, as I believe is before observed, an universal maxim, either to carry the point by kindness or terror; and, to say truth, he had so subjected Cinthelia, by his ill-treatment, that she trembled at his name.

He now accosted her with as much good-humour as his inebriety would allow, inquiring after her journey, and how her children held out, observing he feared it would fatigue them to death; then telling her he was so engaged with his men, who were to be reviewed next day, prior to their embarkation, that

he



he could not possibly attend her himself, but begged her to take care of her health and not fret.

She was surprised at this unexpected kindness, and knowing his disposition, began to suspect he had something selfish in view, without being able to guess what. The haste in which he had left town prevented her providing many things she was now informed were absolutely indispensable, and it was with difficulty she procured them at all. The Major in this was her instructor; for, though a warrior, he could descend to the minutiae of life, and deemed nothing dishonourable that tended to relieve the wants or embarrassments of man, in a legal way.

He particularly pointed to her the inconvenience of taking her children, representing, that they must often, in necessity, be thrown amongst the baggage, that

that perhaps, in flying from the enemy, she must either leave them behind, or carry them herself, a thing morally impossible; and that, in fact, she had better leave them in England, to the chance protection of strangers, than carry them abroad, almost certainly to perish.

To argument so forcible Cinthelia could not be deaf; but if Mobile persisted in taking them, she knew opposition would be vain: to leave them behind was misery to her soul; but rising superior to the feelings of a mother, or rather taking them in an exalted degree of perfection, she considered it a tribute to duty, to prefer their good to her own inclination: she was therefore pleasingly surprised, if pleasure could make any approach to her, at a period like this, when Mobile next morning opened the discourse she had expected, by observing what an incumbrance it would be to have two children dragging at their heels, and that it

was

was almost impossible they should survive a march, from the delicate manner they had been brought up; and that he thought, on the whole, it was best to leave them behind.

“ And if they do not go,” said she, “ of what use am I? You will not find me of much service; for at this moment I am more fit to lay down and die, than undertake a journey to America.”—Pshaw!” cried he, “ don’t talk such nonsense about dying—you’re a woman of sense, or devil burn me if I should stand parleying with you! but this is it, and you may take your choice—one or other of you shall go, so just as you like it.”

Cinthelia now perceived that his pretensions, through the whole transaction, of taking them with him, had been merely to decoy her to a place, from whence she could not retreat; but as she  
feared



feared to irritate him by upbraiding, and heart broken as she nearly was, she had no spirit for resistance, she agreed to his proposal: but now a difficulty occurred neither had foreseen, for with whom could they be placed, without friends or money?

“Send ’em,” cried Mobile, “to the parish! What do we pay poor rates for, unless we are to receive some benefit in turn?” Cinthelia was shocked at this want of affection; she covered her face with her hands, while she sighed in anguish—Mobile arose in a surly humour, and swearing he would find a way, quitted the room. Being in a public and crowded Inn, the room was open to all comers; and while Cinthelia was bewailing over her children, whom her apprehension figured as already destroyed, the meagre Major stalked silently into the room.

He

He stopped short at the objects before him, and being unobserved, he stood for a moment, struggling internally to suppress a tear of sympathy, then turned away to the window, muttering—Rat it, what's the matter with me now.—He had seldom found himself less able to break silence, and sitting down, he waited till the little boy observed him, to whom he beckoned—at which Harry whispered his mother not to cry, as Major Watson was in the room, and wiping his own eyes, he crept from her arms towards him.

“Give me a kiss, my little hero,” said the Major, “and tell me what's the matter with your mamma?”—“Why Pa won't let us go with him: but I don't mind being tired a bit—I can walk to America.”

Cinthelia now endeavoured to explain her embarrassment, begging pardon for

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troubling him with her concerns; but that she had no one person to whom she could entrust her children.

“ I’ve an acquaintance,” said the Major, “ with a man not ashamed of doing good: he is not married himself, and so can afford to give a little to the children of others. I believe I have interest enough with him and his sister, an old maid, to procure this little *prince* here, and my little blue-eyed wife, Sophia, an asylum in their house.”

Cinthelia could not express her gratitude, for the gush of joy that seemed suddenly to rush through her heart, and struggling several times for breath, was nearly sinking from her chair; her fortitude, however, supported her, and she beginning to declare her thanks, when, stopping her short, he began to arrange the plan, which he said should be in his  
own



own way—" And if my friend Hervey," said he, "don't thank me for supplying him children, without the trouble of a wife, he's an ungrateful fellow."

Again was Cinthelia beginning to despair at the dangers and difficulties fate seemed contriving to throw across her way; but reflecting that already she had paid too much to the opinion of the world, and that for fear of reproach from a man who hourly reviled her, it was an absurd folly to forego a friendship so extremely necessary, and, indeed, calumny itself must be confounded, at the consideration, that she was on the eve of departing to a distant country, she therefore briefly acquainted the Major with her knowledge of Hervey, and asked his advice, whether etiquette allowed her to claim so largely on his friendship?

"Don't talk nonsense now," said he;

“ what has etiquette to do with friend-  
“ ship?—I know Hervey can oblige me,  
“ with pleasure to himself; and we have  
“ no time to stand about etiquette in the  
“ bustle of war.”

Accordingly Cinthelia gave herself up to his direction, and he wrote the same day to town; but before the letter could have reached its destination, Hervey and his sister were at Southampton, to take leave of their friend the Major.

And now, lest the Reader should suppose himself, or herself, perusing a novel, the case simply was:—Though Hervey was insulted by Mobile, that was not sufficient to involve Cinthelia in his displeasure; and though he could not continue his visits with propriety, he considered himself in some measure bound to a distant watch over her fate, and step in with help, when help was requisite, to keep her from sinking.

When

When he originally discovered Mobile's intention of going to America, he was in hopes it would free Cinthelia from an intolerable burden; but his resolution of carrying his family with him destroyed that expectation, and as he could not save the whole, he turned his thoughts to preserve a part. It was through his suggestion, by means of one of the foldiers, whom he bribed, that Mobile opened his eyes on the inconvenience of carrying his children, and it was also by his instructions his friend the Major had acted.—Mobile, who cared not what became of his children, provided they ceased to burden him, very readily agreed to their going with Hervey; and thus the bosom of Cinthelia was greatly relieved, in the confidence of their welfare, though the necessity of leaving them behind was an heavy affliction.



## CHAP. XI.

## A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

CINTHELIA, through the kindness of Mr. Hervey, was enabled to provide herself callico and flannel dresses—she must otherwise have gone without. The army had been reviewed, and found fit for the field of slaughter, and an early day was fixed for their embarkation. Preceding this, Mr. Hervey deemed it prudent to remove the children, that the mind of Cinthelia might be more tranquil amidst the universal confusion of the day; indeed, it was owing to this wise precaution she was enabled to retain

tain any presence of mind, being indulged in weeping alone, after the heart-rending separation.

On the morrow, before the break of day, the town was a scene of universal confusion, hurry, and distraction—oaths of distress—ejaculations of despair, and complaints of misery met the ear, while the eye was tortured by the various actions and passions a scene like this was calculated to display. The officers and men had alike themselves to provide for, and each individual was fully employed. Mobile, notwithstanding the liquor he poured down his throat, was nearly distracted, at a scene which had no distant resemblance to pillaging a town; he was obliged to attend his duty, and forgetting his baggage, in his eagerness not to let his wife remain, he marched with her, drooping and hanging on his arm, the model of despair, till they arrived at the water side, where the boats waited.

It was now he remembered having left most of his baggage at the inn, and not daring to quit his station, he stormed on the beach like a madman. Major Watson, calm amidst every action of life, was standing to help his men, and give directions, when seeing Cinthelia, he called to her to sit down on a little hillock till he went himself, it not being either pleasant or safe to go in a boat loaded with men, most of them intoxicated.

Mobile now begged to know, if he had time to return for his baggage, which he had forgot.

“Why no,” replied the Major, dryly; Military operations seldom allow us to retrieve a mistake — you will learn to be cool, by the time you have seen a little more; meanwhile, you may make yourself easy,—your baggage is in yonder boat, with my own.” Mobile was going to thank him,



him, but the Major turned abruptly away, to prevent too many crowding into a boat which was loaded nearly to the water edge.

Amidst a cloud of dust now appeared the dapper Colonel Owen, covered with sweat : in his left hand he held a cambric handkerchief, to wipe away the dust from his face, while his right wielded a glittering sword : in passing Cinthelia he condescended to smile, inquiring when she went aboard.

While he stood fanning himself, between whiles bawling to the men, in a voice which was scarcely audible, amidst the confusion and din, the sergeant's wife passed by them, with rapid strides, a knapsack and musket over her shoulder, and a child tied in an apron before her, and sucking composedly : her husband followed behind with a cag of gin, and, by way of balancing it on his shoulder, a small

small sack of cheese and onions. He was a large masculine man, much disfigured with the small-pox, and several slashes he had received, both in war and recruiting: his complexion was a counterpart of his wife's—a true purple.

The Major now called to Cinthelia, as his own men were embarking, and Mobile having secured himself a seat in the boat, she was obliged to receive the assistance of Watson, who entreated her to be calm and fear nothing.

“What the devil has she to fear,” cried the amazon, “from amidst half a dozen soldiers! ayn’t we all here friends? And as to the Yankees, why, when we get among them, we’ll tell a tale to some purpose, hey, Jack Bungee, shan’t us?” Thus comforted, and leaning on the arm of the Major, he placed her in the centre of the boat; but, while he was engaged with her, so many  
men

men crowded in, that she heeled to one side, nearly oversetting.

“Avast there!” cried the Major, pushing them back with his arm—  
“D—n me if I don’t chine the next  
“man [that enters! Back, firrah! put  
“off there.—All clear now—shove  
“away, my hearties!”

Had Cinthelia been perfectly sensible, her terror would have been great; for the boat was so crowded, and the company so irregular, that every moment endangered its oversetting, and every wave splashed in upon them, obliging some of the sobrest to bale it with their hats, while the Major, by force, restrained them in some order. So new was every incident to Cinthelia, and so confounded was she at the wildness of the scene, that self-preservation had no time to disturb her. By the Major’s care and coolness they arrived at the ship, which  
was



was a 30 gun frigate, and every man was allotted his place, like sheep in a fold; the beds being little better than hen coops, ranged one above another, and so miserably small, that when once a man entered, in that same position he must remain all night, as he had no room to turn, which was an intolerable grievance, and till use in some degree reconciled it, a station in the stocks was preferable.

The frigate was appointed as a convoy, in company with others, carrying troops to Charlestown to join Cornwallis, who was very much pressed by the Americans. To Cinthelia, who had never before been on board a vessel of war, every preparation of destruction was dreadful, and she fancied herself inclosed round with every form of death. Many of the soldiers and their wives sat huddled together upon deck, discoursing in a language which shocked her, as much from indelicacy

cency as the horrid blasphemies and imprecations they uttered. Which way soever she turned, she found neither confidant nor friend—the manners of the women were even worse than those of the men—and she sat down on the fluke of an anchor, with a mind sunk and dejected.

She trembled at the shouts of the sailors on duty, who were unbending the sails—the wind rising fair, they ruffled in the breeze, and feeling its impression, soon carried the ship from the shore.—Happy, happy country! thought Cinthelia, as she quitted its view—there the people repose in peace and security, while rapine overruns every other quarter of the globe.—O, my children! may your lives be more happy than mine; and if I am ever again to return to you, may I find you in the practice of duty!

While those romantic reflections swelled  
to

to her eye, Major Watson was traversing the deck with his arms folded, frequently casting a look towards the *departing shore*, till he was roused from his reverie by another officer, who, shaking him by the hand, inquired the subject of his meditations.

“ I was thinking,” replied Watson,  
“ that in all my various travels, I never  
“ met with a country equal to England,  
“ either for productions, laws, or happiness, and yet the people are oppressed by variety of causes.—What a  
“ nation would it be if bribery and corruption were exterminated! The glory  
“ of the world—the emporium of commerce—the asylum of humanity and  
“ peace; she might rise so high in the  
“ scale of perfection, that we should no  
“ longer seek to discover the situation of  
“ the terrestrial paradise.”

“ Bravo!” cried the Officer—“ you  
“ improve



“improve in eloquence; for now, I  
“never heard you speak such a clever  
“speech in your life, and I hope you’ll  
“agree, that we are now engaged in a  
“just quarrel?”

“Not at all,” replied the Major—“I  
“condemn it from my soul; but I’m no  
“politician, and only enjoy my own  
“opinion.”

“Then,” said the other, “why does  
“a man of your conscientious principles  
“support with his life the war he con-  
“demns?”

“My dear fellow,” replied the Major,  
exultingly, “I fight for my country—  
“War is unfortunately my trade; and  
“when we are engaged in a war, we  
“must either go through with it, right  
“or wrong, or submit to the insults of  
“the enemy, always ready to tread upon  
“our necks.”

Here

Here their discourse was interrupted by some sailors coming to tighten a rope where they stood, and Cinthelia could not refrain thinking, that every man, at times, acts in opposition to reason.

For some hours Cinthelia remained on deck, unregarded and unnoticed, every one being too much occupied in securing *his birth*, to have leisure for gallantry, when Major Watson, eating some beef on a biscuit, came up to her, and, after some entreaties, prevailed on her to take a share.

As night began to approach, the bustle on deck subsided, each retiring to his bed; but sleep was a stranger to the eyes of Cinthelia, and as the air revived her from some degree of sickness she felt, she sat still, gazing towards a land now become invisible. The breeze was steady, and they glided over the bosom of the deep in silence, which was alone interrupted by the ripple of the water, with  
now

now and then a flutter in the shrouds ; the moon reflected the white sails of the other vessels at a distance ; and to a mind at ease the prospect was sublimely grand, and the silence so solemn, that every breath seemed to disturb repose.

The eye of Cinthelia wandered to the verge of the horizon ; but all was the same, no line of distinction being visible to divide the heavens from the earth. Irresistibly her mind was drawn to adore the majesty of that Being who rideth on the pinions of the wind, and she half smiled at her own folly, in placing value in an earthly attachment. Impressed with a magnificence of idea, that towered above life, she enjoyed the enthusiasm of imagination, which, in contemplating the majesty of indescribable perfection, loses itself in secret rapture, and is content to behold.

From



From this flight of the senses, which only the virtuous and the sensible can enjoy, she was called by a voice from the gallery of the cabin, which sung an air adapted to the scene around.

## I.

With music soft as rippling waves,

Let Night's still charms alone be sung,

And as the billow gently laves,

Responsive cadence teach my tongue :

Come, kind Repose, with lenient pow'r,

And o'er mankind thy influence shed,

Let no rude care disturb the hour,

Nor vagrant fancy crowd his head.

## II.

And thou, O Cynthia! on thy way

Thro' azure tracks, thro' paths of light,

Bestow the cheering, silver ray,

To guide the trav'ler of the night ;

Or on the bosom of the deep,

Is man by various passions borne,

Sooth wild distraction into sleep,

And sooth the wounds by sorrow torn :

## III. And

## III.

And o'er the ocean's farthest bounds

Let airs of lightest breathing blow,

Nor with the tempest's rougher sounds,

Convert security into woe;

For thine it is, O Night! to charm

Each varying sorrow to repose,

Thou can'st the tyrant's lash disarm,

And meliorate unnumbered woes.

A pause of the deepest silence succeeded the song, which the profound stillness of the night had rendered unspeakably pleasing; and for some time Cinthelia watched the gliding shadow of the sails, as they passed in sleepy progress over the bosom of the ocean. So still was all around, that the darting of the fish frequently caused her to start from a drowsy lethargy, which gradually crept upon her, and from which she was suddenly roused by the watch turning out, and hearing the bells from the other ships, which sounded from a surprising distance on the water, she gave a moment

ment into the delusion of being within the reach of shore: but when she looked round to be satisfied, space alone met her eye, and she hung down her head with a sigh, at the disappointment.

The night was now so chill and cold, as the morning airs came on, that though she experienced some symptoms of approaching sickness, which the calm had retarded, she ventured to inquire her way down to the dungeon appointed her: as she descended, an intolerable stench of various effluvia from tobacco, onions, liquors, and tainted breath, nearly overcame her, and completely nauseated her. She threw herself into one corner, where some women, unused like herself to the sea, had laid down to ease a violent sickness—of pity there was a small portion, and being the captain's wife, did not procure her much respect in their then situation.

A lan-



A lantern with a twinkling rush served to illumine the darkness, and on the floor lay several women and children, sleeping and snoring together, some with a knapsack or bag for a pillow. The gloomy medium, through which their various countenances were seen, served to increase the horror of the view, and Cinthelia almost shuddered as she looked round, secretly inquiring in herself, if these were human beings, and of the softest sex.

For two days Cinthelia appeared more dead than alive, during which she would probably have perished, but for the attention of the Major, who gave a trifle to Serjeant Tanjore's wife to attend her; and though the nurse was not of the softest disposition, she was well calculated for her office.

Mobile sometimes condescended to speak to her, but it was only to remark  
that

that her delicate constitution made her good for nothing, and to wish she was like the other sailor's wives, who washed and mended linen for the superior officers and the sailors.

The little Colonel was aboard another vessel, so that Cinthelia escaped his *friendship*; and except the Major, she had no one who cared much whether she lived or died. His singularity of character had endeared him to the Captain of the frigate, who honoured him with particular notice, and by this medium it was that Cinthelia was promoted as companion to a lady, who was going to join her husband in the army, and as a pattern of love, to brave with the man she preferred to all others the dangers of a campaign. This heroism excited emulation in the bosom of Cinthelia, who indeed wanted every motive, which stimulated Mrs. Jackson to this exertion of female fortitude.

In

In this lady she found a friend and protector, amidst the trackless ocean, when she had almost fancied herself an outcast from all that was good in society. Her engaging manners soon recommended her to the confidence of the lady, and as they had a small cabin nearly to themselves, with some books of amusement, the time was not absolutely vacant; and there were intervals which would have been extremely pleasant, but for the remembrance that every departing wave had advanced their approach to scenes of madness and destruction.

Cinthelia remarked, that, at any moment of leisure, when the Captain retired from deck, his constant study was the Bible, a circumstance she could not refrain observing, as she generally found it treated as a jest, by men in the military profession. "His reason," said Mrs. Jackson, (for I was struck with it as well as you) "is, that we always find in history,



“ history, that those nations who feared  
“ the Almighty most, regarded man the  
“ least : that of all others, the sea-  
“ faring life is calculated to impress the  
“ power of the Divinity, as the many  
“ imminent dangers sailors escape, leads  
“ them to fancy themselves under the  
“ immediate protection of Providence.  
“ Besides, he always finds his mind calm-  
“ ed by the hopes of a future state, which  
“ enables him to be cool in the midst of  
“ the most imminent danger, knowing  
“ that at the utmost he can only die,  
“ and believing that death is only a  
“ change of modified being.”

“ We rarely find,” said Cinthelia, “ so  
“ much pure religion, but assuredly his  
“ reasons are just ; for I have not seldom  
“ found in these very arguments a cheer-  
“ ing consolation in the midst of sor-  
“ rows, that might otherwise have pres-  
“ sed me down.”

“ With

“With so pious a master,” said Mrs. Jackson, “one would have been tempted to expect a crew of ecclesiastics, but his example has not spread far, for never in my life did I come near such a profane wretch as Colly Cooper, the mate.—He scarcely utters a sentence without an oath, and is perpetually bantering the Captain on his fondness for death’s log-book, as he calls the Bible.”

It is almost needless to observe, that this was the lady whom Cinthelia had heard singing; and as she had an excellent voice, she not seldom entertained all who heard her. One amusement they frequently enjoyed, which was sitting in the gallery, to contemplate the beauty of the night, and watch the curling of the waves, or the various changes and transmutations of the long line of foam which marked the ships way, as far

as the eye could trace, nor was the gentle flushing of the waves unattended to.

To those whose lives have been circumscribed by the land of their birth, who have Ranelagh, the play, and visiting to amuse them, this entertainment must appear extremely frivolous; but amidst the ocean, where an approaching vessel is matter of universal curiosity, and which each eagerly gazes at, as an assurance, that there are in existence other beings like themselves, every trifle that breaks in upon the uniformity of time becomes momentous.

Hitherto they had comparatively made little progress, the wind only at intervals favouring them with light airs, but by the end of a fortnight it began to blow a steady gale, rocking the ladies with a lullaby, not the most pleasant. The clear heavens, the glorious sun now hid them-



themselves in clouds, and a gloom, the most dreary, inclosed them round. By degrees, the sea, which had rested as it were to take breath, began to heave up its tremendous waves, over which the vessel sported, to use an humble metaphor, like a cork in a tub of water, agitated by a schoolboy's hand.

This, however, was only mere play, to the storm that quickly succeeded; foaming with tremendous fury, driving against the sides of the ship with such furious thumps, that the fragile timbers seemed unable to resist it. Cinthelia, alarmed at the dreadful noise she heard, and the trampling over head, and fearing to be bruised to death by the rolling of the chests, which broke from their lashings in the cabin, would have gone on deck, but for the captain's remonstrances, who ordered not only the women but the soldiers to remain below, that he might have a clear deck to work the ship, giving

M 2

his

his orders with as much coolness as if nothing had been the matter.

The wind seemed to vie with the waves, which should raise the most hideous din—whistling through the ropes, or in sudden squalls endeavouring as it were to blow the ship from the water, frequently leaving her half bare to the keel. The pumps were continually going, to prevent her filling with the waves, which came tumbling upon them, and nothing could have a more melancholy clank, than the pump chains at intervals, when the storm allowed them to be heard.

Cooper, the mate, at the commencement of the storm, had paid more than one visit to the Captain's case-bottles, but fear kept him sober; and having remained on deck till he was unable to attend his duty, he came stumbling into the cabin, where he sat down on the floor, the picture of despair, lamenting his ill fortune,

fortune, as they could not possibly outlive the tempest. Poor Mrs. Jackson sat weeping on one of the lockers, with her feet fixed against the opposite side, to prevent her falling, every moment expecting they were going down. Human assistance it was impossible to receive; and now Cinthelia felt in full force the reward of virtue. It struck her, that her husband must be in a pitiable situation, and the expectation that one grave was about to entomb them together, and for ever, excited a wish that she could see him, and tender him that forgiveness he probably, if not totally callous, might wish for. With these thoughts she ventured to grope her way through the cabin; for though it was day, yet the darkness occasioned by the clouds, the surrounding waves, and the necessity of closing the cabin windows, was equal to night, one wavering taper being all the light they had below.



Twice she received severe blows from the heeling of the ship, before she could gain the cabin stairs, but she was near fainting with terror, when she beheld above the confusion of the elements.— Below, fancy had only pictured to her their danger, which was faint, when compared to the reality. On either side the vessel arose waves higher than the mast head, which uniting would have sunk them forever. The wind bent the masts like twigs, and consternation was impressed on the faces of the seamen. The shattered remnants of the sails fluttered in the air, and entangled amongst the ropes, while the ship dashed about, disobedient to the helm. She involuntarily closed her eyes, expecting that the next moment would sink her in the deep, but the waves subsided on each side, and they rose as on the point of a pinnacle, with a liquid precipice beneath them. She again ventured to look round, and beheld the intrepid Major wrapped in a watch-

watch-coat, and holding by a rope fastened to the main mast, endeavouring to encourage the sailors to proceed with pumping, while the Captain was exerting himself to rouse their courage.

“What, my hearties!” cried he, “don’t lag while a plank sticks together; ayn’t our hearts stout as an oaken timber? cheer up here; you Tom Bouze, you’re a fellow that never flinched; now, for the honour of a seaman, see if you can’t furl that sail that dances in the wind like a carcase sack \*.”

Accordingly, to the astonishment and terror of Cinthelia, he began to ascend the shrouds, while a roll of the ship to leeward brought that side nearly to the surface of the waves, and she gave an involuntary scream, as she thought him inevitably gone; but Tom clung like a

\* A shirt.

crab, and shaking his head to clear the spray from his face, proceeded forward.

Mountains of liquid water inclosed them on every side, amidst which, it seemed wholly impossible the little egg-shell that contained them could live; and satisfied of the impracticability of standing a moment on the deck, she returned to her friend, who was bewailing her absence, and clasping their arms round each other, they ventured not one word of inquiry or comfort.

In this situation they sat for several hours, every moment expecting that the last wave had rolled over them. The certainty of approaching death did not strike Cinthelia with terror. She found a pleasing tranquillity in her soul, which was the result of piety, and enabled her to sustain, without horror, approaching dissolution. No crime stared her in the face with appalling visage, and she feared death



death no other than as a common mischance, whose greatest evil was, that it left her children orphans.

Frequently, when the ship heeled to leeward, with a deep roll gunwale-to, or when a wave broke against the side with a frightful thump, they clasped each other in a tightened embrace, under the idea that they were descending into the dark abyss of the unsearchable deep; but by insensible degrees the winds relaxed their fury, the heavens began to clear, and though the waves ran what the sailors call an heavy sea, they were pronounced out of danger.

The cabin boy, whose teeth chattered with cold, was the first who descended into the cabin, and proclaimed the happy tidings to the ladies; then seeing the mate stretched along the floor, where fear had laid him, he advanced to tell him it was all over.

“ Lord,

“ Lord have mercy upon us ! heaven  
“ have mercy upon us ! ” ejaculated he,  
“ has she parted ? Is the boat out ?  
“ Here, take my hand, and help me on  
“ deck. ” — “ We don’t want ye now,”  
said the boy, with a malicious grin;  
“ all’s safe enough, and we’re going like  
“ a scud.”

“ Is the tempest ceased, then ? ” said  
the Mate — “ Why, you damned son of a  
“ sea calf, what did ye tell me all was  
“ over for ! Go and fetch a little vine-  
“ gar, ye lubber — I believe my leg is  
“ broke with the cursed jerk I had hand-  
“ ing the sprit-fail.”

“ You hand a sprit-fail,” muttered the  
lad, as he went for the vinegar, “ it  
“ must be from the hold to the deck  
“ then.”

It was well for the boy he was out of  
hearing, as the mate was now himself  
again,

again, and, to clear his courage, was obliged to support the story of his leg, which the Captain would fain have had examined by the Surgeon; but Cooper swore none of those harpies should come along-side him with their grappling irons.

The wind was still too high to admit any press of sail, and all hands were employed getting up a new suit, and repairing the tackle, most of the sails having been stripped away by a violent gust, which nearly carried the masts by the board.

A pailful of grog was hoisted on deck, to drown the late fatigues, and songs and jests obliterated the departed storm.— During the tempest Mobile had been confined to the hold amidst his fellow soldiers, who were extremely noisy, cursing and blaspheming at every sentence; some, indeed, were on their knees, and  
some



some bewailing their ill fortune. The confinement of so many together rendered them intolerably hot, and one lad was actually suffocated. At every tumble of the ship, those on the windward side were thrown upon the opposite, who discharged volleys of oaths, and but for the danger, which was strongly impressed upon all, would, no doubt, have proceeded to fighting.—Mobile, pale and trembling, found this scene too much even for him, and a momentary contrition smote him to the heart. He had had a good education in point of literature—he had imbibed a taste for genteel life—but here he was huddled in the midst of a parcel of wretches, most of whom would have disgraced an hord of Hottentots, and he could not refrain cursing his egregious folly. As the weather, however, cleared up, his momentary repentance was forgot, and joining in a mess with some brother officers, their late alarm was washed away in a libation

libation to Bacchus, and their fears treated with ridicule.

The ship now flew with velocity before the wind, but only one of their consorts appeared in sight, and she fired signals of distress. — The sea was too heady to admit the intercourse of boats, and wearing, they stood down to learn her misfortune: it was one of the transports, which had sprung a leak, and continued to take in more water than the pump could clear. The Captain afforded them all the assistance in his power; but as the wind again began to freshen, he was obliged to consider his own safety. The next morning there was no appearance of the ship, and the night having been very squally, it was feared she had foundered, which was indeed the case, several hundred soldiers perishing with the ship's crew.

Meanwhile the high wind advanced them

them with rapidity, though it severely tossed them. On the morning of the tenth day after the storm, three sail were discovered a-head, which, as they were now in the latitude where they might expect the enemy, they supposed them French, and though they were so superior in number, the Captain ordered immediate chace and a clear ship, vowing to have a broadside, for the honour of Old England: but having run a few leagues, they discovered them to be part of their own fleet. Having spoke each other, the Captain learnt that a vessel, which had parted company, had fallen in with the French fleet, to the south, but had missed them in the night, they steering north-west.

On the morning of the second day, the man at the mast head cried out—a sail, a sail! which was soon visible, like a speck on the edge of the horizon, and several telescopes being levelled,



two others were discovered. As they had lost sight, all the preceding day, of their companions, they judged it might be them re-appearing, and the Captain being asleep, they forbore to disturb him.

Major Watson was sitting with Cinthelia and Mrs. Jackson in the cabin, and being his own taylor, was mending his waistcoat, which he had torn helping the carpenter, observing that no man was qualified to travel, who could not mend a rent by the way.

“ I thought,” said he, “ we should have had a brush the other day with the French, and as they mostly aim at the rigging, I let it go as it was.”

“ No doubt,” said the Mate, who was knawing an ham bone in a corner, “ you thought they would take you for a scarecrow, and so ’scape being shot at,  
“ or

“ or else for one of themselves : d—n  
“ them, they must eat a few more of  
“ these here ham bones, before they are  
“ fit to face a man ! Burn me if I didn’t  
“ wish to have had the grappling of  
“ ’em.”

“ What,” replied the Major, “ so  
“ many to one—I did not wish it,  
“ though I should not have run away.”

“ May be not,” replied Cooper, with  
a sneer, “ may be not ; but I always like  
“ a good number ; and then, d—n me,  
“ you may place your shot—pepper ’em  
“ between wind and water !”

A man now came down stairs from the  
second mate, to tell them he believed  
there were three French *soutres* bearing  
towards them, and wanted to know what  
was to be done.

“ Three !” repeated Cooper, dropping  
his

his bone—"Are you sure they are  
"French?"

"Aye, aye," said the other, leisurely  
taking a quid, "they're painted like the  
"Whore of Babylon, and ride out of  
"the water like the Peak of Teneriffe."

"Are they so near, then?" asked the  
Major, cutting off his thread, and put-  
ting on his waistcoat—"Wake the Cap-  
"tain, by all means."

"No, I say, no!" cried the Mate—  
"what can the Captain do with three?  
"Hoist every sail we can carry; d—n  
"it, they'll be aboard us in the coiling  
"of a cable!"

"Why but one touch, master Cooper,"  
said the man—"I knows Captain don't  
"love to sheer off like a smuggler."

"Give us your hand!" shouted the  
Major



Major—"Damn all paltroons, I say!  
"Old England for ever! Halloo, Cap-  
"tain! zounds! you want a speaking  
"trumpet at your ear! Halloo! here's  
"half a dozen Frenchmen a little to  
"windward!"

"So much the better," cried the Cap-  
tain, rubbing his eyes, and turning out—  
"I'll be with them in a twinkling. This  
"is just as I wished. They shall soon  
"see what mettle Captain Boyse carries—  
"Hey, my brave Major, we'll soon  
"humble *Mounseer*, and teach him to  
"touch us on our own element!—At  
"land, indeed, begging your pardon,  
"Major, they always have the best of  
"it; but, d'ye see, it's another thing at  
"sea!"

The Major condescended to smile;  
and as the ladies expressed great fear, he  
conducted them from the cabin to a  
room next the surgeon's cockpit, which

was

was the safest place of the vessel, and then desiring them not to fear a little British thunder, he started on deck with alacrity, and directed a number of his men into the tops, to act as marines, taking himself the place of first mate, as Cooper did not appear: an action became inevitable, the enemy bringing to, with a great superiority of ships, guns, and men.

END OF VOL. III.

was the last place of the vessel and  
then leaving them not to fear a little  
British power, he landed on board with  
safety, and directed a number of his  
men into the town to set as many  
fires as possible, the place of fire was  
properly set and appeared as follows:-  
The enemy being to  
with a great superiority of ships, guns  
and men, and the British being in a